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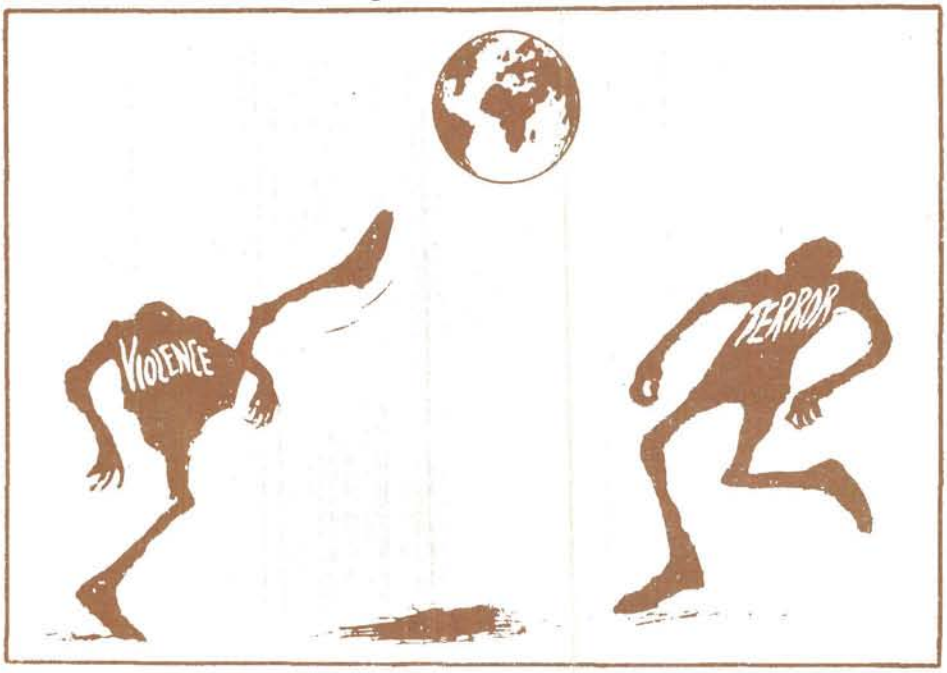
The Crippled Conscience

Reports and Essays on the Decline of Political Morality in the Western World



Behrendt
Het Parool
Amsterdam

THE POLITICS OF PAIN V. G. Kiernan
POWER: THE ENSHRINED HERESY Ronald Sampson
THE DEATH MACHINE Joseph E. Mulligan, S. J.
HORROR TAKES THE STAND James Higgins

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LETTERS

Mark Clark on body counts

Charleston, S. C.

Dear Sirs: I thoroughly agree with the point of view expressed by Lucian K. Truscott III in "Body Count: The Degrading Illusion" [*The Nation*, Nov. 16]. I am sure some individuals have been politically motivated, someone who saw some political advantages in shouting out the casualties every day. I am sure it has made no impression on the enemy, and I don't see how such accounts based upon ground action and air action can be accurate. . . . We never resorted to such tactics during the difficult fighting in Italy and during the time which I was Commander in Chief of the United Forces in Korea.

Gen. Mark W. Clark, U.S. Army (Ret.)

press cards

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your November 30th article, "The Press-Card Disguise" by Bruce Oudes, was guilty of a slight but significant omission.

While it is true that in New York City press cards are issued by the Police Department, there does exist a very active Police Commissioner's Committee on Press Credentials, comprised of members of the major media, the Press Photographers and the Newspaper Reporters Association which thoroughly screens all applications and submits final recommendations.

The prime goal is to insure that working press cards and other similar credentials are issued only to those who are entitled to same and can prove, without question, the need.

Wilfred N. Horne, Deputy Commissioner
Press Relations

keep the cops untrained

Willimantic, Conn.

Dear Sirs: I write in response to your litany in praise of "progressive" programs to professionalize the police ["John Jay: College for Cops" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, Nov. 30]. The value of such programs, according to the liberal ideology, is that they will help create a system of law enforcement that doesn't exhibit brutality or discrimination in its application. The fallacy of this position is that it can be used to justify the enforcement of unjust laws, by shifting the focus of criticism from the issues of whether the law or regulation *itself* violates rights as free speech and freedom of assembly to the issue of the *style* or manner by which the law is enforced. In addition there is the crucial question of police accountability. "Professional" police will naturally claim that, like other professionals, they are accountable only to their peers. . . .

In addition to these drawbacks, programs which use colleges or universities to "professionalize" police are inimical to the political and academic freedoms of students and faculty. Recent events have shown us that agencies like the FBI will not hesitate to apply economic and political pressures to a university if they dislike the content of police training courses. And what may be worse is that the police may use their role as student to investigate the activities of other students and faculty. This danger has become a reality at American University. Under the guise of "group projects" the police training class in Civil Disorders is "investigating" the student strike of last May. Students and faculty are being asked questions such as: "Who planned the demonstrations?" "Did you take part in them?" etc. All of this should serve as a reminder that simple alternatives to citizen control of police are fraught with dangers to the liberties of us all.

Alexander J. Ajay, Chairman
Ad Hoc Committee on the Police Training Program
American University, Washington, D.C.

EDITORIALS

The No-Wash Whitewash

There is really nothing surprising about recent disclosures that Army Intelligence has been spying on civilians. The diligent reporting of Jared Stout (see "Keeping Tabs on Civilians," *The Nation*, December 28) and the excellent NBC program of December 1 tell us in effect what we already knew or had good reason to suspect. Even the latest disclosures about the surveillance of Rep. Abner Mikva, Sen. Adlai Stevenson, and former Gov. Otto Kerner, while quite outrageous, add color but little substance to the charges that have been made against the Pentagon. Nor is there reason to doubt that what has been disclosed thus far is merely "the tip of the iceberg." More will emerge.

The point of critical concern is to be found in the Army's incredible double-talk since the original charges were made a year or more ago. The Army's response has been on three levels: top officials did not know of the surveillance of civilians (no one had said that they did); the charges are not true (patently false); if such programs were carried out for a time, they have since been discontinued (equally false). The latest "quickie" investigation by Secretary of the Army Resor follows the general formula. It does not, as Representative Mikva has said, "even come up to the level of a whitewash—it's a no-wash."

If it was general incompetence at the highest levels to have failed initially to know about the surveillance of civilians and put a stop to it when the facts were disclosed, then the transparently dishonest report of the Secretary constitutes gross deception. The threat to free institutions implicit in the kind of surveillance that has been uncovered comes not, as Mr. Mikva says, "from a Republican plot to embarrass Democrats, or a conservative plot to embarrass liberals, or a hawkish plot to embarrass doves." Rather it stems from the strong suspicion that a group of militarists, in various branches of the service, have "the power and desire to choke off any disagreement with military policy." It is difficult to challenge Mr. Mikva's conclusion: that any military officials "who would arrogate to themselves the duty to watch peaceful civilians' political activities are the true subversives in our society. . . .They have betrayed the trust of the American people, they have betrayed their oath of office."

Such behavior calls for more than a slap on the wrist; some heads should roll. But top importance should attach to the most searching public inquiry into every phase of the matter. Senator Ervin's committee promises such an inquiry when it opens hearings in February. Mr. Mikva wants the House Government Operations Committee to conduct a parallel inquiry, and it should, since House members have been spied upon. In addition, a flat prohibition of such activity should be written into the budget of the Defense Department; legislation should be enacted permitting a private citizen to sue in the federal court to enjoin and collect damages for any intelligence activity carried out against civilians by military personnel; and Rep. Edward Koch's proposal to protect the privacy of

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idividuals by giving them access to any dossiers kept on iem by federal agencies should have priority in the new ongress. This is, as Mr. Mikva has said, "an hour in hich the elected civilian representatives . . . must move ecisively to reassure their constituents that the reins of overnment are still in the grasp of proper civilian authorities."

Freedom of the Press, 1970

The commercial press is reasonably free from police nolestation: the one thing it has to fear is loss of adverising revenue. The underground press is in a less enviable position. Often, of course, its views are offensive, nd hardly calculated to win acceptance in Middle Ameria. Yet it is a form of journalism and on occasion carries iews which warrants the attention of the regular newspapers, but almost never gets it.

Running an underground newspaper can be a perilous orm of free enterprise, especially in Jackson, Miss. There, he staff of an underground paper which goes by the name of *Kudzu* has received a going-over from the police which t will not soon forget. Eight Jackson police officers, ivided into two squads, appeared at the office. One group cnocked at the front door and presented a search warrant. The other four kicked the lock off the back door without oothering to knock. All eight entered with guns drawn and proceeded to wreck the place under the pretext of searching for Mark Rudd. After an hour's search, one of the officers announced that he had found some marijuana, in a crumpled paper sack which the *Kudzu* people avow none of them had ever seen before. The *Kudzu* account also accuses the police of ruining photographic materials, breaking parts of two shotguns and a rifle, and pouring liquid solder into the muzzles. They also made off with three personal address books which have never been returned. One of the *Kudzu* staff members was slugged during questioning.

Finding—or planting—marijuana has become standard operating procedure for the police in dealing with student radicals and other young people they are out to get. All eight occupants of the *Kudzu* house were charged with possession and carried off to jail. Taken before a judge the following day, they were released on their own recognizance and the case was bound over to the grand jury. This appears to have been the first emergence of due process in the entire operation.

The October 26 raid climaxed what the *Kudzu* staff describes as three weeks of "intensified harassment" by Jackson police and FBI agents. In those three weeks, without a warrant, *Kudzu* staff members' homes were searched six times. It seems highly improbable that after such preliminary procedures the paper's staff would have any illegal drugs on the premises.

"Punks like you," an FBI man is quoted as saying, "don't have any rights." The *Kudzu* people talk a different language: "The men who control Jackson and their strong men, the police, are afraid that their views and their power will not withstand the rational criticism of a free press. . . . LONG LIVE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!" They certainly sound more American than those who harass them.

IN THIS ISSUE

January 4, 1971

EDITORIAL

2

72 209M E 14 246

ARTICLES

The Crippled Conscience:
6 Horror Takes the Stand — *James Higgins*
8 The Politics of Pain — *V. G. Kiernan*
14 Power: The Enshrined Heresy — *Ronald Sampson*
21 The Death Machine — *Joseph E. Mulligan, S.J.*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

23 Berman: The Politics of Authenticity — *Emanuel Chill*
25 Weiss: The World Before Us — *Hayden Carruth*
26 Tarlton: Fortune's Circle
Anglo: Machiavelli — *Serge Hughes*
27 Late at Night (poem) — *M. L. Rosenthal*
28 Music — *David Hamilton*
29 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
30 Films — *Robert Hatch*

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Stick and Carrot

Most corporations seek a good image and spend large sums of money, through public relations departments and institutional advertising, to get and keep it. Now they will have to reckon with the Council on Economic Priorities (1028 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Suite 926, Washington, D.C. 20036), which will rate them according to their regard for the public interest, as in the field of air and water pollution.

The council has just released a 400-page report, "Paper Profits," based on an eight-month study of pollution control in the paper and pulp industry. Extensive (and expensive) surveys were made of 131 mill sites operated by the twenty-four leading producers. Less than half of the mills have adequate air-pollution controls, without which the mills stink up the air over large areas. These twenty-four companies use 2.3 billion gallons of water a day, nearly two-thirds of which fails to satisfy the requirements for primary and secondary water treatment established by the federal government five years ago. More than one-third of it—some 864 million gallons—is released with no treatment whatever.

To reduce air and water pollution at all 131 mill sites, bringing them up to "state of the art" pollution controls—not perfect but technologically and economically feasible—would cost $750 million. However, the industry grosses $20 billion in annual sales, and less than 4 per cent of one year's sales, which would be distributed over the next few years, does not seem to be an insuperable burden.

An interesting feature of the report is the wide range of management attitudes among the twenty-four companies. Some companies were totally, or almost totally, uncooperative. International Paper and Crown Zellerbach, the two largest and representing between them 30 per cent of the studied capacity, were the least cooperative. International Paper, which has based a national advertising campaign on a claim that it has committed $101 million to control pollution, at first declined to furnish any specific data. It finally gave out limited information, while still protesting that the public did not need to know specifics. Crown Zellerbach consistently refused to release any information. From a public relations standpoint alone, such attitudes seem suicidal, since the worst mills are already involved in controversy and data on their performance are available from other sources.

At the other end of the scale, the Council on Economic Priorities cites Weyerhaeuser and Owens-Illinois. They were in the forefront of anti-pollution technology long before interest rose to its present pitch. All four Owens-Illinois mills have adequate air and water pollution controls. Weyerhaeuser, one of the five largest pulp and paper companies, operates eleven pulp mills. Nine of these, built since World War II, were constructed with state-of-the-art controls. Some of these now need upgrading, but the company has consistently recognized pollution problems and endeavored to solve them. Some companies, like St. Regis, which are heavy polluters, at least showed good intentions by cooperating with the council.

Surveys of this kind provide a new technique for public-spirited citizens, mutual funds, etc.—everybody with funds to invest—to work for the public good. Other things being equal, it is obviously in the public interest to reward the conscientious by investing in their securities and to punish those who are exclusively profit-minded. This may be sound financial policy, even if the stock market does not currently put the culprits at a disadvantage. Companies which persist in polluting air and water face a dim future. They are like a person who is sick without knowing it, or refuses to pay attention to his disease. It will hurt soon enough. Buyers at retail can also help; companies in the paper pulp business manufacture plywood, glass and many other products.

Questioned by a Wall Street firm, council representatives denied that they are "militant." "In fact," the spokesman said, "some militant groups would consider us reactionary for proposing that capitalism can become more responsible. The council does not take a political position. However, we do want people to become involved, including businessmen, and in that sense we encourage every citizen to become an activist."

Aside from civil obligations, the intelligent businessman does not wait until he sees the writing on the wall.

The Hard Lot of the Poles

The flare-up of riots in Polish cities might be explained in psychological terms: you don't make it difficult for Poles to buy hams eleven days before Christmas. But of course there are fundamental causes. Poland would find it difficult to cope with its economic problems even if the regime had a free hand, which it does not. It is not notably rich in resources and its economy has never been properly developed. To catch up, so to speak, with Western nations would require a heavy infusion of investment capital over a period of years, and it takes time for such investment to pay off in terms of a higher standard of living. But Poland's ties with the Soviet Union limit its ability to attract foreign capital which, of course, has been a persistent historical handicap. To sweat the capital out of the people—forced accumulation—would require controls that would not be tolerated. The Poles are a spirited, independent, brave and stubborn people. To get even meager foreign exchange for investment, the regime sells hams and foodstuffs, its manufactured products being generally noncompetitive in Western markets on the score of quality and price. But the regime can step up the export of foodstuffs only by raising prices on the domestic market—at the risk of triggering violent demonstrations.

Against this depressing background the regime has tried to establish a base of power by appeasing peasants and holding support of the Catholic Church. Politically, this means discriminating against industrial workers and keeping intellectuals under tight control. The rioters, in these latest protests, have been industrial workers who have carried placards with such slogans as: "We are workers, not hooligans" and "We want food." But the continued discrimination against industrial workers and intellectuals has economic implications. It is impossible to run a modern economy without the active cooperation, to some degree, of industrial workers, management and intellectuals, whose skills are needed in production and manage-

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nent. So the economic problem is in part political. Poles lo not enjoy free elections, and while there is a lot of vhat we would call "trashing" and "rapping," freedom of peech and press are severely limited. But the Poles have jotten the knack of staging their own "elections" in the orm of demonstrations. One young Pole is quoted in *The Vew York Times* as saying, with a grin, "It just shows—rou can change a government with demonstrations," and hen adding: "The workers will use it [the tactic of demon-trations] again. . .when conditions become unbearable."

At the moment, it would seem that the new leadership will be able to restore a kind of stability by making various economic concessions. Edward Gierek, who succeeds Gomulka, enjoys a good reputation. He is the first top Polish leader who spent World War II neither in the Soviet Union nor in the Polish underground. His family had emigrated to the coal fields of northern France in the 1920s. He knows France well, was a member of the French Communist Party, and speaks the language fluently (as, of course, do many Poles). The Soviet Union is not likely to intervene militarily because the Poles, after what happened in Prague, will be realistic enough not to press too far, too hard. Even so, Gierek will face the perennial Polish economic and diplomatic dilemmas. A part of the answer lies in improved relations with the West and with West Germany in particular. German capital and know-how could make a real difference. But Washington is already harassing Willy Brandt, and the Soviets, despite the agreement with West Germany, may impose brakes on possible Polish-West German economic and trade ties.

In the meantime, the cold warriors in Washington should be discreet. Propaganda broadcasts to Poland have been stepped up since the riots, but for what purpose? Do we want to precipitate a situation about which we could do nothing more than propagandize against the Soviets? The Poles have bled enough. If we want to help them, we should encourage Brandt's initiative.

The Politics of Leadership

James Farmer, one of the founders of CORE, is, as everyone knows, a personable, articulate, highly intelligent Negro who happens to be a member in good standing of the Republican Party. When he was named Assistant Secretary of HEW, he seemed to be the Nixon Administration's best prospect for providing a two-way channel of communication with black America. Now Mr. Farmer is leaving the Administration, not a wiser man, since he never held high hopes of what might be achieved under Nixon, but a sadder one. He is critical of the Administration and announces that he will spell this criticism out in some detail in the next week or so. Almost on the day and hour that Mr. Farmer departed Washington, Whitney Young, Jr., the extremely able, highly regarded director of the Urban League, arrived for a typical Nixon spectacular: an "unprecedented" (almost everything this Administration does is billed as "unprecedented"; that is, topping anything of the sort that was done under President John F. Kennedy) seventy-minute meeting with the President and the Cabinet. We are glad the conference was held and hope that it does herald, as Mr. Young professes to believe, "a new start and a new day and a new beginning" in the relationship of blacks with the Administration. But we find it difficult to dissociate Mr. Farmer's departure, full of sorrow and criticism, with Mr. Young's sudden arrival, full of hope and euphoria. Mr. Young was quoted as saying of the President's invitation: *"That* was leadership." Or is it politics? Or perhaps it is an example of how, charged with a failure of leadership in an astonishingly wide range of recent press and political opinion, the President has decided to invent a politics of leadership as a substitute for the real thing. For Mr. Young's sake, and the country's, we hope our surmise is wrong.

Radio–Downhill all the Way

There are some 6,000 radio stations in the United States—AM and FM—so, although it exists in the shadow of television, radio is still an important industry. The way things are going, however, it will not retain that status much longer. This prediction is not based on editorial views in a "journal of opinion," or the reviews of newspaper critics, who pay precious little attention to radio in any case. It comes from Gene Klavan, who has been a radio broadcaster for eighteen years and is on the air six days a week, from six to ten in the morning, for WNEW, one of New York's largest stations, with both AM and FM transmitters. Klavan's show grosses almost $3.5 million a year, or about a third of WNEW's revenues. In a recent interview with Prudence Brown of *Newsday,* Klavan says, in effect, that radio executives are ruining radio, that at least a third of the stations are in the red, and that it is heading for financial disaster.

TV has an inherent advantage over radio as entertainment, but not to the extent that sound movies outmoded silent movies. TV requires more or less undivided attention, while one can, for instance, listen to radio music while reading the Sunday paper. Also, in its FM high-fidelity form, radio can (and sometimes does) furnish a wider variety of music than most tape or disc home libraries contain. For fast news service it excels TV, and for both news and music it furnishes service, as in the automobile, where TV is barred. The transistor radio is often a public nuisance, but in a power blackout or other emergency it can be invaluable. In short, there are plenty of reasons for keeping radio not only alive but flourishing.

But, says Klavan, radio executives have spent the last two decades taking the personality out of radio. For the most part they are cowards whose ideal seems to be the automated station. "The industry," he says, "is becoming one big machine. Radio has forgotten it's in show business—now it's all business."

One reform Klavan favors is a government limit on canned material. Instead of playing records all day, a station that wants to retain its license would have to show some initiative by offering live music, live talk, editorials, debates, news analysis and so on. He didn't mention the noncommercial Pacifica stations, but that seems to be the direction in which he wants commercial radio headed.

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THE CRIPPLED CONSCIENCE

Pain and power—war, oppression, exploitation and torture—for as long as we have known him, man has engaged in these practices. When he first formed himself into groups and founded institutions, they were based on domination and enforced by fear, and though over countless centuries he has elaborated, refined and diversified his social and political devices, he has never permanently cleansed them of their baleful origins. To do so would entail a revolution of scope and depth exceeding any upheaval hitherto attempted—but an upheaval not accompanied by cries and coercion and the changing of guards. We are so conditioned by the experiences of our race that it requires strenuous thought even to imagine a change so fundamental that is unaccompanied by blows.

The two major pieces in this issue, by V. G. Kiernan and Ronald Sampson, deal respectively with pain and power. Mr. Kiernan's essay is a social history, brief but world encompassing, of the phenomenon of torment. He sites its origins within the organism, traces its development, describes its uses, and charts its rise and fall. This last is the heart of his inquiry, for man has not been universally or uniformly disposed to inflict pain—the impulse fluctuates with circumstances and the vigilance of conscience. Mr. Kiernan's somber conclusion is that the implement of pain, after a period of respite, is returning to customary use.

And pain is, directly or indirectly, the implement of power. Mr. Sampson's purpose is to make his readers acknowledge the nature of the will to dominance, not to justify it, or temporize with it, but to see it for what it is and vow to eliminate it from all individual, social and national associations. That is a profound challenge, it may be thought an unworldly goal, but Sampson is the most pragmatic of idealists. He cannot assert that what he envisions will come to pass, but he employs implacable logic to define the consequences if it does not. Or one may look upon his essay, not as a blueprint but as a template. If one lacks instruments set to the dimensions of an absolute morality, it is impossible to measure relative morality. Mr. Sampson's is such an instrument.

With these two inquiries, we publish two shorter pieces that spring from the present. Joseph E. Mulligan, a member of the Jesuit order now perhaps one year from ordination, writes from jail. He calls for a "rebirth of humaneness," an event he seeks so urgently that he was moved to an act of personal defiance on its behalf. Finally, we offer a report from James Higgins of an unprecedented —and largely unreported—set of hearings in which men and officers returned from Vietnam—some of them graduates of West Point—testified as to what they had done and seen done in that theatre of our most shocking war. Mr. Kiernan and Mr. Sampson deal with pain and power in their historical and institutional contexts; Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Higgins are witnesses to the pressing relevance of their theses.

Of recent years, it has been *The Nation*'s custom, at year's end, to devote an issue of the magazine to a theme of broad applicability and lasting importance. Such a theme is implicit in the articles by Messrs. Kiernan and Sampson which require no editorial gloss. However we would like to stress our concurrence in Mr. Kiernan's conclusion that it is the United States, above all nations, which for the reasons he advances should have a change of heart on the related themes of pain and power.

1. Horror Takes the Stand

JAMES HIGGINS
Mr. Higgins, formerly an editor of the York Gazette and Daily, *is now a staff contributor to* The Nation.

Washington

The speaker, under TV news floodlights, is seated at a microphone, into which, matter of factly, he says the words of a prayer:

"Help us, O Lord, to fulfill the standing order of this regiment. Give us the wisdom to find the bastards—and the strength to pile it on!"

Gasps from the assembled reporters in the Embassy Room of the Dupont Plaza Hotel. "What?" they said, "Will you repeat that, Doctor? Slowly." Dr. Gordon Livingston, 32, resident psychiatrist at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, recited the prayer once again from memory. He had learned it in 1968 when he was regimental surgeon of the 11th Armored Cavalry, Black Horse, Vietnam. It was known as the "Prayer of the Body Count," as fashioned and delivered by the regimental chaplain.

Dr. Livingston was one of the last of about forty veterans of Vietnam to tell their stories at a three-day hearing in early December here: the National Veterans' Inquiry into U.S. War Crimes. All of them, enlisted men to majors, were eyewitnesses. Several, like Dr. Livingston, had graduated from West Point.

Horror stories came from them all. Horror not only in the facts of torture, murder (mass and individual), devastation of land and every living thing thereon or therein. Not only that, but horror staring the reporters in the face.

Each man telling a story had been in the story. Most had killed, tortured, destroyed. They had done so in the name of the people of the United States, whose elected government had sent them to do what they did—what was and is being generally done in Vietnam.

The hearings were thus a confessional, a ceremony, a service of heroic dimensions. Or should have been. The

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eterans had come upon an astounding discovery, through ersonal experience, which they wished to pass on to their ountrymen and women:

War crimes were policy. The war was a crime. The conuct of the war flowed naturally from its criminal characer. No one in Vietnam could escape complicity. Everyone here was a criminal.

"Our policy," said Dr. Livingston, "is anti-human and imed at dehumanization of the Vietnamese. Which means hat dehumanization must also occur, and first, in the ninds of the young Americans confined in Vietnam."

Questions inevitably follow: How did Livingston escape? How did his fellow veterans who testified with him? How lid they maintain or recover their humanity? *How can others?*

Here is a short history of the dark night of Capt. Robert Johnson of Annapolis, Md., 25th Infantry-Ranger Airborne, graduate of West Point, all-American lacrosse player. Of his dark night and his illumination:

For two years he was a field-grade officer in Vietnam, directing, as his Point training had taught him, "search-and-destroy (everything)" missions, "free-fire-zone" operations (shoot whatever moves or breathes), warfare by chemical.

After his tour in Vietnam he was assigned to a U.S. post in Germany. There the senior officer, a psychiatrist, subscribed to what Johnson said seemed like a "lot of funny magazines." *The Nation* was among them; *The New Republic, The Progressive, Ramparts, Evergreen Review.*

"Now this officer," says Johnson, "I know he had top security clearance. So I figured, all right, I'll take a peek myself at the mags. And I did. And I sure didn't like what they had to say about that war I'd been in."

He argued back at the magazines. "But," he says, "what did I have to argue with? I'd been at war; but no one, at West Point or in Vietnam, had ever raised the questions, the questions of history for instance, that I found in the mags. It was very frustrating. Of course the truth was I was arguing with myself. The war had come home to me. I was in my own war."

Then he was reassigned to the States. And there he resumed contact with a brother, who was a civilian and an opponent of U.S. policy in Vietnam. "Goddamit," says Johnson, "he took up where the mags left off. I couldn't overthrow his information. I had to get some of my own to prove to him that I had been fighting in a just cause for a good purpose."

He decided to study, first, the documents of the Geneva Accords of 1954, which established the basis for the French withdrawal from Indochina and the schedule for the peoples of the area to assume control of their own political destinies. "You know what I found out?" asks Johnson slowly. *"I found out there's no such country as South Vietnam.* It doesn't exist. Therefore everything about why we're there—giving the South Vietnamese a chance for democracy, defending them against outside aggression—it was all a fake. It hit me like that. Man, I said to myself, how stupid can you get? And that is how I got to be where I am."

And where he is, precisely, is Veteran Coordinator (East Coast), National Committee for a Citizens' Commission of Inquiry on U.S. War Crimes in Vietnam, Room 1005, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Wouldn't one think that the testimony of some forty veterans in early December, at the height of the trial of Lieutenant Calley for the slaughter of innocents in My Lai, was a public event of obvious importance, cer-

Steven d'Arazien, another Nation *contributor stationed in Washington, also attended the hearings of the National Veterans' Inquiry into U.S. War Crimes. Here follow selections from notes he made after the sessions:*

Several witnesses said they were trained not to trust women and children, an attitude the Calley trial has made clear is common among GIs. Charles David Locke, who served with the Americal Division, summed up the GI creed this way: "If it doesn't look like an American it's a dink. And if it's a dink, it should be dead."

Locke said in one operation the men reported to their C.O. that they had a prisoner. "You have a *what?"* the officer yelled. Since it was known he didn't like prisoners, the men blew their captive's head off at point-blank range.

• • •

Gary Battles, of Cleveland, then a radio man, said that after he had reported several deaths in his unit, his C.O. started screaming for a body count of enemy dead. Thereupon, the GIs threw an old woman and a baby down a well, and tossed in two grenades. Other veterans reported that three-day passes were given for confirmed kills, a policy which inevitably leads to bounty hunting.

• • •

Several of the veterans, including a number of former military interrogators, testified that torture, now bringing down "free world" condemnation on Brazil and Greece, is standard procedure for American troops in Vietnam. Peter Norman Martinsen, a Los Angeles cost accountant, testified to beatings, bamboo splinters under fingernails, and electrical torture administered to the hands, ears and sometimes genitals, from a field telephone. "The point is, this is policy, tacitly condoned at all levels," Martinsen told one hearing. Michael J. Uhl, a former first lieutenant with the 1st Military Intelligence Team of the 11th Brigade, said that in one period he saw torture used on twenty to forty suspects a day. Many of these were women and children. "In one case, I saw a girl brought back and tortured to the point where she menstruated on the floor." Uhl said that the unverified information thus obtained was used as input for targeting B-52 bombing raids and artillery fire. Both Uhl and Martinsen said they learned torture techniques during military interrogation training at Fort Holabird, Md. It was taught "off the record."

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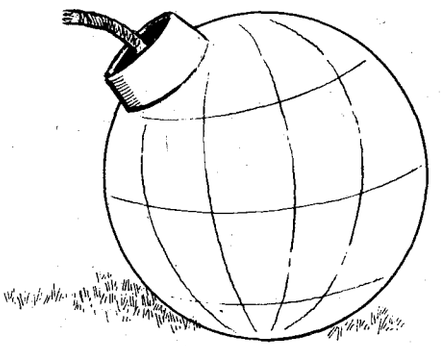

Cartoons by Vadillo, Siempre and Ovaciones (Mexico)

tain to be given major attention by the media as well as by the people's representatives on Capitol Hill, ten minutes from the Dupont Plaza Hotel?

One night the CBS network news gave a two-and-a-half-minute report. On another night, ABC provided three minutes with film. *The Washington Post,* for which the veterans' hearing was a local story, devoted considerable space—inside the paper; Calley was on page 1.

But *The New York Times,* the country's national newspaper, if it has one, with, I'm told, more than forty bureau staff men in Washington, couldn't spare a single reporter. For the first day the *Times* used an AP story, inside. Next day, it had 6 inches inside, half of the story being devoted to Pentagon quibbles. It was slugged, "Special to *The New York Times.*" (Who's that? An office boy?)

On the third day, the same Mr. Special had 13 inches on page 4, headed "War Veterans at Inquiry Feel 'Atrocities' Are Result of Policy." (Newspaper readers know by now the downgrading intent and effect of putting quotes around such a word.) The story was placed below a report from the Calley trial by Homer Bigart, who may be considered a star of the *Times.*

With one exception, the press around the country treated the veterans' war crimes hearings as routine news. They gave space without prominence or follow-up. The exception was the *Los Angeles Times,* which not only displayed the reports conspicuously but a week later ran a strong feature stressing the implications of the "surfacing of these converted veterans.

As for Senators and Congressmen, not one appeared. Notices of the hearings, and an advance summary of testimony, had been sent to their offices. Some were approached personally. Only a Congressman-elect, Parren J. Mitchell (D., Md.), responded. He made three points:

(*1*) "The hearings reaffirm the brutality and senselessness of the whole war, giving evidence as they do of the psychic damage to large numbers of American youth ordered to participate in the war in Vietnam."

(*2*) "The war itself creates the need to have 'an enemy.' Thus the war has heightened the problem of racism [Mitchell is black], which is tense enough already in this country. There is the frightening prospect, with so many young white Americans trained to operate under the 'illusion system'—the need for 'an enemy'—that the black American at home could become the next logical victim of violent hate."

(*3*) "We need a formal forum, acceptable to most Americans, for hearings on the subject of war crimes. It is my hope that a committee of the next Congress, in which I will serve, will conduct such hearings."

Let us hope, too, along with Mr. Mitchell. We are dealing, in my opinion, with the most significant development of the war in Vietnam, with the most spectacular "news story" of the period, with the heart of the present American matter. □

2. The Politics of Pain

V. G. KIERNAN

Mr. Kiernan is a professor of modern history at the University of Edinburgh. His most recent book is The Lords of Human Kind: Black Man, Yellow Man, and White Man in an Age of Empire *(Little, Brown); earlier works are* British Diplomacy in China: 1880-1885 *(Octagon Books) and* The Revolution of 1854 in Spanish History *(Oxford University Press).*

Friedenthal, in his recent book on Luther, refers to a description of the burning of the Hussite heretic Hieronymus of Prague, a man of strong build who struggled and screamed in the flames for a long time. He goes on to speak of the multiplied horrors of that age of the wars of religion, and ends briefly: "There were many who screamed." There are many today. Shakespeare lived then, and sometimes made jokes about the rack, or even appeared, as at the end of *Othello,* to approve of torture. A kind of myopia makes us wonder how such a man, or Erasmus, could have lived, could have eaten and slept and drawn daily breath in a Europe reeking with

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ıch things. We fail to notice that our own world is in-
sted with them, even if they are now kept under cover.
is only a generation since the Gestapo went out of
ısiness, and its disciples or imitators are still active.
he list of countries that have been alleged within the
ıst twelve months, with more or less evidence or proof,
› practice torture on political prisoners is terribly long.
ı the case of some—Greece, South Africa, South Viet-
am, Guatemala, Brazil—there seems little room for
oubt about the truth of the charges.

On a million happier planets other nervous systems
ıay have developed a different warning device, but on
urs evolution has made physical pain, for all conscious
fe, far the most intense of sensations. Whether or not
Browning's organist was right to call God the great C-
ıajor of this life, its great C-minor is pain. Our race
grew up under this fatality, and has only lately begun
earning to counter it with science; it has lurked obses-
ively in all our instincts, imprinting on nerve and brain
he fear of cruelty, and also perverse craving for it.
They would seem to have generated very early in human
ıistory an impulse to ritualize pain in one form or an-
›ther, to invest it, since it was irremediable, with mean-
ng; to turn it into ceremony, or act of faith, or even
ntertainment, and thereby reinforce the individual by
›inding him closer to a group of sharers.

Throughout history there has been a great deal of self-
ınflicted pain, and men have been almost as willing to
torment themselves as one another. This lingered on in
the shape of religious austerities, the Hindu expiating his
sins by suspending himself in full view from an iron hook
run through his flesh, processions of Christian penitents
flogging themselves amid public admiration. Or the in-
dividual may welcome pain inflicted by his fellows. The
initiation ceremonies of many primitive communities, in-
cluding England's "public schools," have included ordeals,
even mutilations; a man's induction into a world of pain
must itself be painful. Thesiger describes barbarous forms
of adult circumcision performed publicly among modern
Arabs, which must have descended from older initiation
ordeals. In the ritual of Red Indian torture the same
severity was turned outward, against an enemy of the
tribe, and strengthened the tribe's collective will and self-
confidence by enabling it to perform what in common
life would be monstrous, and exposing every member
of it to the same fate, if ever captured. It was part of
the spice of life; children were sometimes given training
for it, at the expense of animals.

When, after the long twilight of prehistory, state and
religion, wealth and class division arose, they inherited
not only the many material inventions of the dim past
but also its shadowy ideas or instincts, and built some
of the most barbarous of these into their own founda-
tions. To an extent that textbooks of political theory have
never recognized, men learned to dominate one another,
as they learned to dominate serviceable animals, by ex-
ploiting their sensitiveness to pain. Often torture and
painful modes of killing sprouted from the wars of con-
quest that accompanied the rise of the state, the rational
purpose being to strike terror and shorten resistance. In-
scriptions of Assyrian kings boast of how they mutilated,
impaled, or burned hosts of war captives. Conquest also
brought in regiments of slaves, whom it was necessary
to keep in physical fear; in Rome a man's slaves were
tortured as a matter of course if he died and there was
any doubt as to the cause. War has always revived an-
cient barbarities. The memoirs of a Mughal officer in
command of an expedition against Assam in the early
17th century narrate how he ordered wounded prisoners
to be trampled under elephants; Nazis in Yugoslavia
drove their tanks over wounded prisoners. Methods of
terror were also a part of the building up of discipline
in the armed rabbles that were gradually transformed
into armies. Elizabethan generals drew up their own mili-
tary regulations, and death by torture was likely to be
the penalty for all the gravest offenses.

The way in which a military state treated its
enemies conditioned its treatment not only of its own
soldiers but of the rest of its subjects. From earliest
times, horrific acts perpetrated abroad and proclaimed at
home would gain credit and renown for a ruler; but they
would also serve notice on his people of what any mal-
contents among them might expect. A spectacular death
sentence was the *ultima ratio regum*: hanging, drawing
and quartering in medieval England, for instance, for
high treason. (A woman who murdered her husband was
guilty of petty treason, for which the penalty was burning
alive. It is always worth recalling that one cause of
man's equivocal attitude to willful pain is the use he
made of it to subjugate woman, as the state has used
it to subjugate him.) In medieval India flaying alive
was in vogue, and the Moroccan traveler Ibn Battuta
was unpleasantly struck by the sight of rebels' skins
stuffed with straw and hung up as an example. Muhamad
Tughlaq, then Sultan of Delhi, an intelligent and well-
read man, kept his myrmidons busy day by day at tor-
turings and mutilations, in the effort to hold his dominions
together by brute force; but while he was cutting human
beings in pieces the empire was already falling to pieces.
The more artificial a polity, the more it goes against
the grain of history, the more likely it is to fall back
on terror. A later Sultan in northern India, faced with
disloyalty among his nobles, tried to intimidate one of
them by summoning him to his capital and showing him
the chamber of horrors where his prisoners were held.
The effect was the same—to accelerate the collapse of
a realm that lacked organic unity.

Where on the other hand some kind of genuine society
existed, public executions could serve as an occasion
for the multitude to express its loyal support, to identify
itself with its rulers. In the Roman circus, or at the
Spanish *auto da fé* and the burnings that followed it,
the public were spectators, instead of participators as in
a Red Indian festival of cruelty, but the character of a
ritual expression of the collective will remained. Active
participation could linger on in milder forms, as when of-
fenders were set in the stocks and right-thinking men
invited to pelt them with mud or stones. In a lighter
vein, men nursed their group consciousness, and found
compensation for their own aches and pains, by gather-
ing to watch animals being tormented or made to fight
one another.

Another important branch of statecraft that called for

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use of physical pressure in various regions was the collection of taxes. In Mughal India the money used, among other things, to build the Taj Mahal was extorted from the peasantry by beatings, or by more extreme suasion. It was much the same in Egypt down into the 19th century: the *fellaheen* made it a point of honor not to pay the heavy land tax until they had held out to the limit of endurance against flogging. Tax gatherers were emulated and outstripped by private practitioners, like the Norman baron Front de Boeuf in *Ivanhoe* with his red-hot grill ready to induce Isaac the Jew to disgorge his wealth, or the *chauffeurs* of old France who earned their name by scorching their victims' feet. Private property, injury to which was one more species of treason, retaliated as savagely.

Physical coercion to extract information, rather than money, developed along with judicial procedures, and is the most direct ancestor of torture as practiced today. In both Europe and Asia, judges resorted to torture with a good conscience, as part of their duty. They had few more refined means at their disposal for arriving at the truth. A Muslim governor of Lahore could earn esteem by unraveling a difficult criminal case after employing torture on a woman; and there is an anecdote from 19th-century China of a magistrate who felt conscientiously obliged to be present himself during an inquisition, and gave up only when a piece of flesh flew through the air into the dish from which he was eating. (In the last days of the old China a visitor saw a surviving member of the guild of professional torturers, an old man of pallid skin and spectral eye.) It went against legal self-respect in medieval Europe to execute a defendant before he confessed his guilt, even if a confession could be got from him only by force. This scruple bears a bizarre likeness to the insistence on confessions, some of which must have been got by similar means, in the Soviet treason trials.

Inquisitorial arts would seem to have flourished more in Europe than in Asia, and paradoxically to have reflected a higher European respect for individual life and rights. These were to some extent protected by regular courts and laws, which required production of evidence, however obtained. In most parts of the East there were no systematic law codes or trained lawyers (though India, ancient and medieval as well as British, had sophisticated systems of espionage), and it was often simpler to execute suspects out of hand, even wholesale. From another point of view, the elaboration of torture went with the growth of Europe's mechanical ingenuity, and was part of the prelude to modern technology, like cannon or musket, or the invention of printing: Europe was discovering simultaneously more potent means than had yet been known to influence both mind and body. The Red Indian had to make do with knife and fire; a whole array of implements filled the cells of the Tower of London and the vaults of Nuremberg town hall, and precise distinctions came to be drawn between first, second and third degrees of pressure—the last including hot irons.

This was in the epoch of the wars of religion, which were also the climax of the late medieval crisis of feudal society, an immense collision of class interests an national ambitions. All these could find an outlet in re ligious conflict; and no religion has been so intolerar as Christianity, largely because no priesthood has eve been so highly organized and powerful as the Catholic No other religion has resorted to torture on such scale. Its prime function was detection of heresy, bu it helped also to deter others from indulging in heretica thoughts, and the striking ceremonial that enveloped th condemnation and punishment of the guilty was wel calculated to fortify orthodoxy and renew social bond imperiled by class tensions. The crowd round the stak had an idealized counterpart in the theologians' vision o the blessed souls in heaven looking down with enjoymen on the pains of the damned in hell. Hell was the mos intense of all expressions of human preoccupation witl pain. Christian and Muslim, Hindu and Buddhist, eacl invented his own vivid picture of a divine chamber o horrors. Half of Europe's churches showed paintings or their walls of Last Judgments, of lost souls borne off by demons to endless misery; and this familiarizing and sanctifying of torture must have helped to make it a matter of use and wont here below. After all, nothing that men could do to one another was, as Shelley said, more than "a faint foretaste of damnation."

For obdurate heretics burning alive remained the standard punishment. It had a symbolic value, and was not, Lord Acton thought, chosen for the sake of cruelty. He cited an experiment at Utrecht of boiling, which the presiding bishop stopped as being too frightful. Vindictive judges might, however, order a slow fire, or a repeated withdrawal and reimmersion in the flames. What can on the whole be said is that the Reformation, which with all its shortcomings stood for progress, was less brutal with religious dissidents (not with witches, unhappily) than the Counter-Reformation, which stood for feudal reaction. As in medieval India and again in the present-day world, it was the archaic regime that tried to prolong its existence by terror. The French Revolution declared a reign of terror, but this was a matter of painless though summary executions, and surprisingly little torture is charged against it. When Napoleon came to power things may have changed.

After the 17th century there was a lull, a time when torture seemed to be vanishing from civilized lands, never to return. Abolition of judicial torture was one of the watchwords of the Enlightenment. In Prussia, it was carried out early in his reign by Frederick the Great, whether or not because this flute-playing militarist felt a desire to atone for the vast amount of physical suffering entailed by his wars. Several reasons can be suggested for the more humane spirit of the age, among them that in countries that were moving forward men were ceasing to believe in witchcraft, or in hell. They had faith in progress, in persuasion by reason, and in human nature's capacity for improvement. Class conflicts were in general less fundamental than they had been earlier, or were to be again. The police forces that were being built up were taught to protect law and order and property without unnecessary violence. In the liberal 19th century, colonial administration too became milder, and slavery

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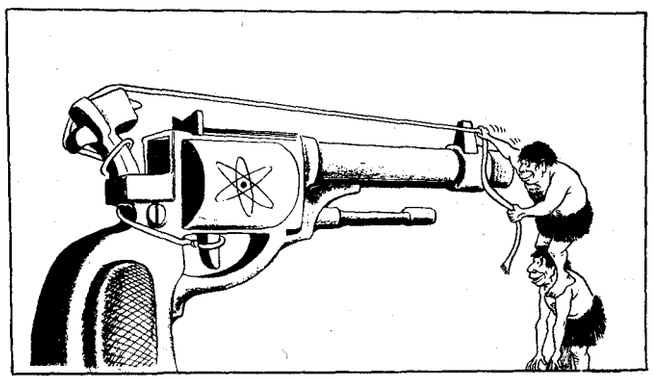
vas being abolished. It is not mere coincidence that the preceding epoch of savagery in Europe was also the irst and worst epoch of colonial conquest by Europe, vhen the new slave trade was created. In Manila, Goa, ava, the white man had introduced his own fashions of orture, and picked up fresh hints from Asia.

Implements of torture gathered dust in museums, and seemed to have no place left them other than in tales ike Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum,* or Conan Doyle's *The Leather Funnel.* Torture could even come to be a topic for humor, as with the "something lingering, with boiling oil in it," of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado.* But it was known that in latitudes as far off as Titipu it might still be anything but a joke, and this contributed not a little to the Western sense of superiority to the barbarous regions beyond the white man's pale. It had a special meaning for England, which took pride in being able to claim that torture had never been fully admitted into its legal procedure, and was early renounced as a political weapon. England was now the pacemaker of imperialism, but in all Western countries empire received a sanction from reports of inhumanities in the dark continents which only civilized rule could stop—things as gruesome as cannibalism and much more widespread: tortures practiced by pirates in the China Sea, or by benighted despots in Central Asia, as witnessed, and nearly shared, by Vambéry; or death in Zululand by a vile form of impaling; or Red Indian demon revels luridly depicted



in illustrations of books like Dunn's *Massacres of the Mountains.* Annexation did put an end to the more macabre of these customs, though imperialism fell far short of either suppressing or abandoning torture altogether.

Enlightenment proved brief and precarious. As always, wars brought relapses, both in and out of Europe: the Carlist War of 1833-39 in Spain, or the struggle with the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The softening of manners came late, or only very imperfectly, in sundry areas of Europe. There was a fashionable as well as popular audience in Paris in 1757 for the execution by torture of Louis XV's attacker. The Spanish Inquisition lingered well into the 19th century. In spite of the English connection, torture was not formally abolished in Hanover until 1840; in Naples, not until after the fall of the Bourbon monarchy in 1860. In Russia, at least down to the late 18th century, landowners could torture their serfs with impunity. In the 19th century the death penalty, surprisingly, did not exist there, but fatal scourgings with the knout were frequent. Also common, in Nicholas I's time, was the military punishment of running the gantlet, an artificial resurrection of the old tribalistic, collective tormenting of the outcast. And while North America lamented the savagery of its aborigines, ill-treatment of prisoners amounting to torture in convict camps was brought to light in Powell's book, *American Siberia.*

There were in fact gaps and dilutions in the civilization even of the best countries, and an arbitrary marking off of some types and degrees of painfulness as more or less pardonable, or even commendable. Just as most of us are unwilling to recognize alcohol as one of the drugs, many have refused to regard beating as a form of torture, though it may have as serious effects as certain others. Until very lately, education has everywhere depended on it. British soldiers and sailors were flogged for years after Prussia had given up the institution. Hardly anyone in the England of this century can have wished to appear an advocate of torture; but in "Sapper's" popular novels of the 1920s, while a foreign villain employs a thumbscrew, the British hero and his well-born companions kidnap labor agitators and thrash them. To this day, nothing arouses so much enthusiasm at Conservative Party conferences as a call to "bring back the birch" into prison discipline—as if property feels by instinct that it must have physical intimidation in reserve to defend it. It is similar with empire, which is property blown up larger than life. At Cambridge before the last war there lived a benevolent old man who had retired to his college after a lifetime of service in India. Pressed about allegations by Indian nationalists that the police were sometimes guilty of torturing suspects, he denied torture, but was scarcely concerned to deny beatings. Detective novels and gangster films have made the British public familiar with the "third degree," in its new and less bloodcurdling American sense. It may be supposed to have its roots in rough-and-ready Southern methods of handling Negroes, police methods of handling masses of poor white trash from Europe, with many criminals and some anarchists among them; and possibly some memories among Irish policemen of English police proceedings in Ireland. For novel readers and cinema goers it has had a mostly comic flavor, along with its French parallel the *passage du tabac.* Both are vestigial relics, but capable of blossoming afresh when transplanted to Vietnam or Algeria.

Retrogression to physical torture as an instrument of rule has been one of the marks of our age. True, there have been at least two salient differences from the past. Use of torture is seldom if ever openly advertised or acknowledged; and it is mostly reserved for political prisoners. But its *raison d'état* is at bottom the same thing as defense of big-property interests, exposed now not to vulgar pickpockets or highwaymen but to organized hostile movements. In other words, the underlying fact is that the conflicts of our age have been concerned with fundamentals, of property and power, and civilized principles have come under correspondingly heavy strain.

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There was an ugly overture to the new dispensation in Spanish events of 1893 that shocked Europe a good deal more than similar Greek events have shocked it in 1970—the arrest of 120 anarchists and their brutal torturing by a new special force of ruffians in the Montjuich fortress at Barcelona. In the Spain of the liberal age, backward and full of civil strife as the century still was, and nightmarish as were some happenings of the Carlist War, torture by official order had seldom been heard of, though opponents were frequently shot with little or no trial. But clericalism and political reaction were reviving in close alliance, and bringing back much of the bitterness of the Counter-Reformation. Fascism grew up in the old Catholic south of Europe, including southern Germany. These lands had been overlaid since the 17th century by foreign rule or foreign influence, but a great deal of the past remained, and was now returning to sight; history had put far less distance between them and medievalism than was the case of England or France. None of them had experienced a true revolution.

For decades the Spanish army had fought to keep its hold on Cuba, and the art of war as studied there by its generals was hampered by few moral niceties. Spain was now further poisoned by the imperialist adventure it was starting in Morocco, where Franco and other leaders of the Fascist rising were to get their training. Colonial wars in this century have provoked imperialism to greater and greater violence, because resistance movements have been arming themselves with modern weapons, tactics and ideas, and can no longer be dispersed by a Napoleonic whiff of grapeshot. Torture of prisoners was reported during the American conquest of the Philippines. From the colonies it came home to roost in Europe, where also warfare, especially during World War II, was broadening to include popular guerrilla movements. More information is to be extracted from guerrillas than from regular soldiers; there is more chance of breaking resistance by terror, less danger of massive retaliation. "In my cells even dead men talk," the S.S. commander in north Italy is said to have boasted in 1944.

Torture is still prevalent "in the despotisms of the East," an encyclopedia stated complacently in 1927, six years before Hitler and the Gestapo came to power. The student generation of the 1930s in England, about which two young Americans (P. Stansky and W. Abrahams) have lately written an illuminating book, lived under the shadow of Continental fascism, and knowledge or rumors of what was going on in the dungeons were among the influences that were radicalizing it. A random recollection of Cambridge is of Guy Burgess, who was to end as an emigrant to the USSR, talking of something that had made a painful impression on him; a Hungarian refugee he had got to know, once "a terrific fellow," was now, after beatings on the soles of the feet, a shadow of himself. It is proper to add a recollection of a left-wing discussion during which it was far too casually remarked and tacitly agreed that Stalin must have found it necessary to let his intelligence agents use heavy-handed methods, since otherwise the capitalist countries would be left with an advantage. There is a testimony here to the truth in Tolstoy's and Gandhi's warning that hatred, even of brutality, brutalizes. More excusably, a Russian in the civil war, who had been trampled on all his life by the gentry, whe found tormenting a captive White explained that h wanted to see *what a gentleman's soul looked like.*

In modern conditions it is more than ever tru that a ruler or ruling class, nation or race, obliged t resort to torture, is one nearing the end of its term, an falling into desperation. It betrays a morbid sense of iso lation by being unable to count on its subjects to tell i the truth without compulsion. (It also very often betray the professional poverty and stupidity of its police force.) When, as with many usurping governments, usually military like those of Brazil and Greece, men in power have to fear for their lives as well as their positions, in case of defeat, fear will harden their hearts still further. They may represent (though they are more likely to be a clique of adventurers seeking support by pretending to represent) an entire social system with its back to the wall. Or they may represent a whole dominant race fearful for its privileges, as in South Africa. And all this has come to be mixed up with the rivalry of the great powers, which has induced these to sponsor, or to give aid and comfort to, governments guilty of atrocities like those in Poland before Gomulka, or in Hungary under Rakoczi, or in a whole flock of Latin American countries—in several of which they continue.

Recent public hangings in Iraq had a bad reception nearly everywhere, and anything like torture publicly exhibited or avowed meets with very strong censure. That is one reason why even the most ruthless regimes may distinguish between prisoners of name or position, whose ill-treatment could less easily be hushed up, and the humble and obscure whose fate few will hear or care about. In Fascist Spain the police have been said to divide men and women in their custody into two categories, those who can safely be subjected to physical ill-usage and those who cannot. In Brazil even now social position gives some degree of immunity from torture. For the same kind of reason sufferers are no longer turned loose with hands cut off or eyes put out, or, as in the England of Charles I and Laud, with cropped ears. Still profiting by the march of technology, tyrants have found a valuable ally in electricity, and one of the qualities that has endeared it to them is that it can be employed without leaving any trace. One can only guess at the degree of pain undergone by today's martyrs, compared with the suffering of former days when a victim's family would sometimes bribe an executioner to pile gunpowder round him at the stake so that the fire would finish him quickly, or, in Czarist Russia, to kill him early in a long flogging: an expert with the knout could break his man's backbone at the first stroke.

The most cultured of the Mughal emperors, when still a young prince, had a man flayed alive before his eyes, and for nothing to do with the foundations of man's universe—state, heaven, hell, property—but an affair of a favorite eunuch eloping with a rival. His father, a man of many battlefields, wrote to him, protestingly, that he himself could not bear to watch a dead goat flayed. We may hope that Prince Salim was fuddled, as he often was, with drink or opium. We may wonder how many of our rulers

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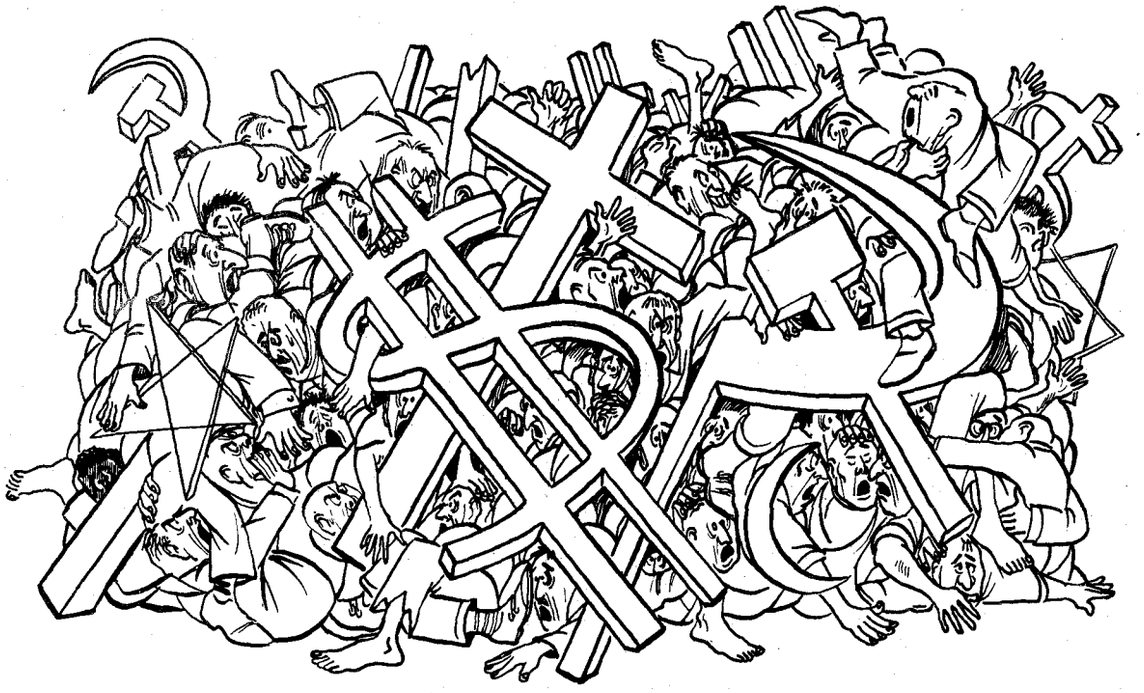

or power addicts would be able to look on at what has come to be known by that sinister euphemism, an *interrogation*, or how much they really know of what has occurred in the underworld below their well-carpeted floors. It may be fairly generally the case that bad governments which rest on distortions of movements in themselves healthy will allow themselves to benefit surreptitiously from the results of torture, whereas those of the type of Guatemala or South Vietnam, which are and know themselves to be intrinsically anti-progressive, will depend on it essentially and deliberately. It seems clear that some of the highly placed men in Rakoczi's Hungary who found themselves in their turn in the cells of the A.V.O. were astonished by what they met there. In any regime under severe stress, a number of sadists are likely to find their way to where they can indulge their tastes unchecked, and the system will breed others; and rulers not themselves depraved will order information to be brought them, much as the customer in a restaurant orders a beefsteak without turning his thoughts toward the abattoir.

In the more comfortable countries nowadays, the public displays something of the same spirit, the same willingness to be tranquilized into a conspiracy of silence. We have lost a great deal of our pleasure in cruelty, but have acquired a faculty for shutting our eyes to it. Urban slave owners in the Old South would often send their slaves to the police station to be given so many strokes of the whip, rather than have them whipped at home. Modern Americans would rather trust special police cadres in Latin America to do whatever the safeguarding of their investments may require. It is indeed one of the recommendations of neocolonialism, by contrast with direct imperial control, that a civilized country is not compelled to do the uncivilized part of its work itself. Easygoing people everywhere fall back on the maxim that there is nothing they can do to help; or that for their representatives to denounce governments accused of these crimes would be bad for trade. Trade has now acquired for all classes in the West the sacredness, the divine right, that it had for the Victorian bourgeoisie. At every stage of history ordinary men are under heavy pressure from their managers to agree to a package deal—a combination of rewards, fleshpots of Egypt, with penalties for asking questions. Acceptance means a sort of crippling, a moral equivalent of the well-fed Chinese lady's bound feet.

We may hope to see some of the worst regimes—the *magna latrocinia* or large thieves' kitchens as St. Augustine would have called them—overthrown by revolution, and in the meantime some of their worst agents got rid of by reprisals which will deserve, if they will not receive, universal approval. Outside opinion may possibly, if protests and initiatives like the recent one by "Amnesty" are maintained, stir and move with unexpected quickness. This has happened lately over some other issues, notably that of pollution of the environment; and though each such awakening is by itself limited, each helps to give a push forward to progress in general. All mankind has been guilty of adding to the pollution of the planet, and all of it is itself polluted by a hereditary taint of cruelty, that in most individuals at most times may be dormant, but that all peoples have indulged actively at some time, and some of them, including all the greater nations, in very recent times, if they are not doing so today. No government is likely to admit that anything of the sort is being done now, and denials are meaningless unless accompanied by offers of free inspection of a country's own prisons and those of any country financially or militarily dependent on it, or where its advisers have any hand in police conduct. No government with such entanglements will permit such inspection immediately, but some, and then others, might agree to submit to it at the end of a term of years, during which they could put their houses in order. Some small

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countries with nothing to hide might set a good example early. Indignation about hijacking of airplanes has produced calls for international action, and the much greater scandal of torture provides obvious grounds for the United Nations to be given rights, at any rate, of visitation. About Brazil and Greece, in particular, much evidence has already been collected by international bodies; the statement by seven imprisoned Dominican priests, of which a translation appeared in the December 1970 issue of the English Dominican Review, *New Blackfriars,* speaks of the employment of torture by the Brazilian military regime as deliberate and systematic. One Brazilian establishment urgently in need of scrutiny is the Linhares prison in the province of Minas Gerais, where, according to a long document purporting to have been smuggled out from it last year, many inmates have died or gone mad.

An inquiry has been set up in Washington into allegations that U.S. agents in Latin America have been giving instruction in the arts of torture. This is a charge that America's real well-wishers—few of whom receive money from the American treasury—cannot, very regrettably, disbelieve without proof to the contrary. That the United States, above all, should have a change of heart on th matter is vital, because it is paramount in one large regio of the globe where the evil is flagrant, and because of it moral tradition, never entirely submerged, and the uniqu openness and publicity of its doings, good or bad. A dec ade ago, Crane Brinton wrote in *History of Wester Morals* that although "whole groups of men can be a cruel in the twentieth century as in the first century," suc behavior might now be viewed, even in "that classic lan of violence" the United States, as only an occasional laps from a trend of improvement sheltered by "institutiona and legal restraints with good roots in the Western con science." Whatever excess of optimism there may be i these words, it is not unreasonable to hope that ther really has been a profound change for the better in ou attitude to the infliction of pain, and that it will lead u to a conviction that what cannot be protected withou such aid cannot be worth protecting. Failing this, it is no out of the question that torture will go on spreading un derground until it is strong enough to break out onc more and redouble the embitterments of classes and o races. If so, mankind is lost. □

3. Power: The Enshrined Heresy

RONALD SAMPSON
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The conventional view of anarchy is very simple. Anarchy means absence of government; government is necessary to maintain law and order; without law and order, life is hell for everybody. Therefore, government is good and anarchy is bad. All decent people can understand propositions so simple and self-evident; therefore, people who actually advocate anarchy must be either wicked or mentally unbalanced.

The conventional view is nevertheless incorrect. The connection between anarchism and pacifism is very close, and I propose to commence with pacifism. What is a pacifist? The dictionary defines a pacifist as an anti-militarist, who seeks the abolition of war. This definition is less than satisfactory in that it does not make explicit the vital distinction between those who would support a "just war" and those who repudiate all war. My usage of the term "pacifist" includes only those who live by the principle that they will not intentionally take human life, cost what it may. (Few people, if any, can guarantee what they might do under any conceivable circumstances; but the pacifist *aspires* to die rather than to kill, if the choice is forced upon him.) If an exception is made, the whole point of pacifism disappears. People who go to war have little difficulty in persuading themselves that they are pacifists at heart, who have been forced to abandon their pacifism by the malignancy of their foes.

The common objection to pacifism is that it is unreasonable to ask an innocent man to surrender his life to a guilty man. The pacifist's position is seen as extreme; but the strength of the position derives from the fact that it rests on a profound conviction of the wickedness of taking human life. If a man does not shrink with revulsion and horror from the shedding of human blood, he is most unlikely to refrain from violence when his own life is threatened. If in tranquillity you think that some malefactors ought to be put to death, you are little likely to give the malefactor who immediately threatens your own life the benefit of the doubt.

If this essay had been addressed primarily to anarchists, I would have set out to show that the above metaphysical position is logically inherent in anarchism; I want here to show that the anarchist's concern with the problem of power is logically inherent in the pacifist's insistence on the sanctity of human life. Here it is perhaps advisable to enter a general caveat. As soon as anyone is rash enough to attempt a definition of "anarchism" or "pacifism" or any other "ism," disclaimers can immediately be anticipated from fellow "believers" who see in a particular definition a misconstruction or travesty of their own beliefs. I need scarcely say that I claim to speak only for myself.

Pacifists, then, are people who refuse under any circumstances to be a party to the shedding of human blood. A characteristic slogan summarizes the pacifist conviction: "wars will cease when men refuse to fight"—and *only* when men refuse to fight. Pacifists accordingly declare in advance their solemn intention not to fight, and invite you, non-pacifists, to join them. The logic is impeccable. But the wars go on just the same; moreover, they get worse.

So the pacifist must ask why this rational remedy is not producing the desired results. "Come and join us,"

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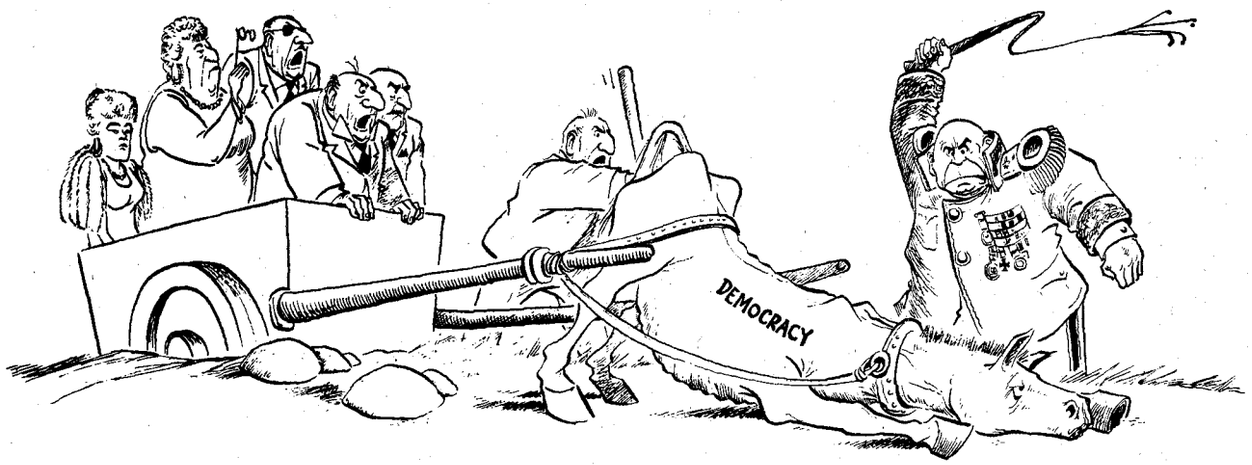

the pacifist says, but he appeals in vain. They don't and they won't. Why? Is it not odd? Virtually nobody wants war; why then do people prefer so stubbornly to reject the pacifist's self-evident panacea? Wars do not happen out of the blue—ever! It is not possible, simply because they require too much advance preparation. They are always preceded by a state of armed preparation. Why? One of the most urgent tasks is to illuminate public opinion at least sufficiently to make it impossible for ministries of armaments any longer to masquerade under the cloak of "defense."

The reservoir of armed violence (as large and destructive as every government can possibly afford), permanently on tap, is necessary because without it a government would be at a disadvantage vis-à-vis other governments, whose armored reservoirs it does not (as yet) control. Disadvantaged in what respect? In the matter of control over wealth, people, natural resources—that is to say, power. Governments themselves pretend that they innocently seek no more than an equilibrium, but the falsity of this claim is evidenced by the fact that equilibrium could be maintained at the level of one soldier each, and this kind of equilibrium never exists. Moreover, the allegedly sought after equilibrium has always erupted in war and must always do so, because the reality is an internecine struggle for domination.

This very brief analysis is itself sufficient to demonstrate the falsity of the conventional view, carefully fostered by governments, of the nature of anarchy, with which this essay opened. This view presupposes that originally men were running around in an anarchic state of nature, in a "war of all against all," desperately enduring the intolerable consequences of the total absence of law and order, until some splendid, disinterested, public-spirited people stepped forward, sacrificing their private interests to take up the burden of office. By their shouldering the responsibilities of decision taking and enforcement, they brought into being that leviathan of government, to which alone is owed the blessing of secure and ordered life and the minimal conditions of social welfare.

This is pure mythology, in whatever version it is presented to long-suffering generations of students, because all the variants of the theory of political legitimacy tacitly ignore the single crucial fact that government results not from the welfare necessities of men but from the all-consuming, devouring determination of some individuals to obtain, consolidate and, if possible, expand their power over their fellows. Nothing can ever legitimize this state of affairs for two reasons: first, terrible consequences ensue from this theory of mankind as a whole in the shape of ceaselessly recurring war; and second, men are in all essentials equal.

The truth of this position is so manifest when subjected to close scrutiny, and so absolutely fatal to the claims of rulers in all their respective spheres, that the mere espousal of it is sufficient to expose the hypocrisy of all the claims to liberal free speech, free debate, free publication, on which our culture and institutions allegedly rest. Anyone is at liberty to test this for himself by stating the view as unequivocally and clearly as he can. He will at once find every avenue of communication with the larger publics which make up our mass "democracies" completely sealed off from him. This is accomplished without any official ministry of censorship, without any formal curtailment of civil rights, without positing any supposed "conspiracy" theories of power. It occurs spontaneously because the thesis is aimed subversively and directly at the most ubiquitous of all trade unions, the trade union of power.

Every officeholder, every power executive, every aspirant to promotion up the hierarchical ladder, every dominant personality in whatever walk of life, without even consciously registering the thought, recognizes the fundamental threat to the meaning of his life. He freezes instantly, shuts his ears against the baleful message and intuitively falls back on the only effective weapon left to him, the weapon of the boycott. He ignores.

But ignoring does not silence the dreadful heresy; it goes on echoing in the silence, until the silence itself begins to reverberate eerily and with growing insistence in the offices and chancelleries of the statesmen, the press, the universities, the Inns of Court, the board rooms and the churches. For once the cat is out of the bag; once the 2-year-old has cried out that the Emperor has no clothes after all, the damage is done. It is only a matter of time before even the gullible and downtrodden will no longer be taken in by the pomp and pageantry, the investitures and color trooping, the whole enormous racket

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whereby the weak are subjugated by the powerful, and the poor robbed by the rich.

It might be thought self-evident that if all men were good, confusions might still arise, discussion as to the wisdom of priorities and the content of mutual arrangements would still need to be conducted, but of government, that is to say, of coercion, there would be no need. Therefore, it would seem equally clear that whatever other people may choose to do, anarchists should conduct themselves in such a way that no government would be necessary. "And if all the world were composed of real Christians," wrote Martin Luther, "that is, true believers, no prince, king, lord, sword or law would be needed." What could be clearer? But, of course, Luther does not draw the obvious conclusion that therefore "prince, king, lord, sword or law" must be a product of evil, and morally indefensible, wrong. He draws the opposite conclusion—that because most men are not good, government is necessary and must be obeyed.

If government is legitimized so that all men have to concede the moral legitimacy of its violence, without which it could not govern, then the crucial awareness of the evil nature of the will to power is glossed over. Government is considered a response to man's inescapable needs—the provision of security to protect man from foreign invasion and crime. Government then appears under the benevolent guise of public service; and so clever is the sleight of hand that people fail to notice that the real villain is the will to power, itself a principal source of aggression and crime. Moreover, this analysis corresponds to the actual history of man. The state originated not in a social contract or request for a vital public service but from the struggle for power between contending chieftains, robber barons and their respective factions.

The skeptic may concede even this much, but remain unshaken in his conviction that men simply cannot live without government. Of course, if he means that some men are so passionately intent on governing others that no power on earth will induce them to forgo the pleasure they derive from it, and that large numbers of others are so lost to a sense of their individual responsibility and dignity that they willingly acquiesce in their subjugation, the contention is indisputable. But this is not at all what is meant when people are told so insistently that government is necessary and unavoidable. What is meant is that they have to have leaders for their own good, or "anarchy" would ensue. This conviction goes quite as deep on the political Left as on the political Right. Because common to members of both Left and Right is the itch for leadership, the yen to get the power for themselves, the struggle for which in their respective parties, viz., power organizations, constitutes the entire meaning of their lives.

Indeed the worship of power is still so deeply ingrained in almost everyone, so automatic, so unconscious, that the mere suggestion to the victims of organized power that they should not seek redress of grievance by means of "power" since "power" itself is the disease, inevitably arouses the indignant suspicion that they are being invited to abandon the struggle, to sell the pass, to appease or capitulate to the oppressor.

But this is not the case. Such logic is not, after all, followed in other instances. What would be thought of the argument that because most men are credulous or weak or hypocritical or untruthful, therefore everyone should become credulous, weak, hypocritical or untruthful; that to do otherwise would be utopian or would be tantamount to selling the pass? As soon, however, as it is the will to power that is at issue, logic is abandoned and it is urged that men must imitate the very vice in their oppressor which has made him what he is. At this point, an old argument is likely to be offered—"But you are assuming that all power is bad; we want the power only to protect ourselves from evil, that is, for good reasons."

Power by definition means the ability to force someone to do that which he would not do of his own free will, and it is precisely this that is not justifiable. It is this element of force, of coercion, that triggers all the resentment and counterirritants and desire for vengeance—in short, all the evil. Previous power, a legacy of countless acts of power, has made the present oppressor or aggressor what he is; and more power can only add to the evil ingredients of the existing situation. The only reply to power and its evil consequences is not counter-power, which is simply more power, but anti-power, which is the opposite of power, namely, courageous, unyielding powerlessness, or love.

Bereft of all power, without an organization, without a trade union, without a political party, without a police force, without an army, what is the individual to do, alone and "powerless" amidst a gigantic ocean of evil? It is easy to prescribe and very difficult to do; nevertheless it is possible; and it is, moreover, the only means of liberation that is effective and that will advance inch by inch along the road to real freedom.

The individual has to stand up to and draw the fangs of those who oppress him, or dominate him, or treat him as less than equal, at the only time and place possible, that is, when and where it occurs. The objection is made again and again, however, that the mere individual is impotent. What, it is asked rhetorically, can only one person do? The implication seems to be that around the next corner there will be somebody who isn't only one person. Yet, when evil is afoot, people do not wring their hands, lamenting their impotence as "only one person"; they get on with the bad work and do it most efficaciously.

The truth is that "only one person" who is tied to an organization which exercises a degree of control over his beliefs and responses, is indeed largely crippled for good purposes. He is the power man's dream. Through a hierarchy of control it is possible to reduce men to paralyzed automata. Military conscription, for instance, has hitherto represented the ultimate length to which arbitrary power could go in the total subjugation of free men. Modern technology is beginning to open new vistas. The power to reduce mankind to quantitative digits, computerized data to be fed into machines controlled by the new technocrats, undoubtedly threatens new possibilities for human robotization.

On the other hand, one person, who is not controllable by "authority," who answers not to externally imposed discipline but to the discipline of his own conscience, is in himself a very potent threat to those who dominate others, as all those in "authority" are very quick to recog-

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ıize. It is not simply that ideas spread quickly, good ideas ıs well as bad ones. The effect of personal example is ıighly infectious; and it is impossible to exaggerate the ong-term effects of the courageous example of a lone lissenter asking for no power, resorting to no power, ask-ng nothing for himself, but asking everything for justice.

So the assertion that government is necessary is :rue only as a descriptive statement of existing human ·elations based on an existing psychology. This psychol-ɔgy, however, is not inherent in the psycho-biological constitution of man but is the fruit of an inability to achieve complete liberation from the dependence of infan-cy. To become free, to achieve equality is far from easy; on the contrary, we must be prepared to meet deep resist-ances within the emotional life of each one of us; but it is nevertheless possible of attainment. To grow up may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible. Moreover, each measure of success not only automatically changes a person's relation with at least one other person; it in-fects others by the example given and witnessed.

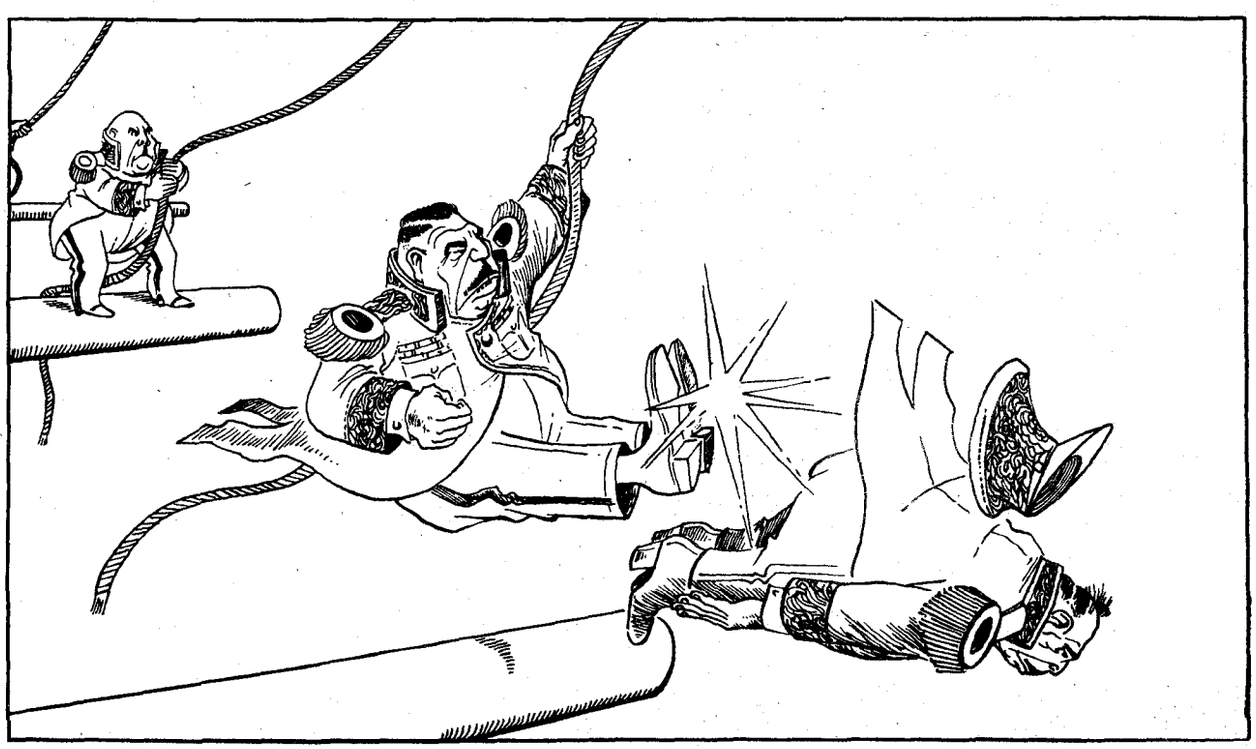
Everyone necessarily lives at the center of a large, in-terconnected network of relations; change in the quality of a relationship at any one point will gradually produce repercussions in many different directions. Most funda-mental relations are domestic, within the family; but social relations, and employment relations emanate from the family ties and react upon each other.

I very much doubt that it is possible for a person who has not gone a considerable part of the way to reorient his domestic relations on the basis of equality, to reorient his social or employment relations according to the same principle. Occupying, as he almost inevitably must in our culture, a position in a hierarchical chain of command, he may find the courage to resist the "authority" exercised over him; but, unless he has achieved freedom from paren-tal psychic domination, his resistance against the domina-tion of a "superior" is bound to be accompanied by a growth of his own appetite for ego assertion or power.

True strength lies in a fearless powerlessness that is not assertive but is equally not pliant to another's will to domination. Indeed, without the crucial element of self-renunciation, resistance to domination will not implausibly appear as yet another example of two parties contending for mastery. My struggle may at this moment be just, but as soon as I am on top, shall I not inevitably behave in the manner of others who are on top?

Given this degree of self-renunciation, this will to "anarchy" and equality, an individual is in a position to bring about positive social change of a wholly beneficial nature. Toward those below him in the hierarchy he will at all times strive to behave with gentleness and humility, to abstain absolutely from taking advantage of his status to impose his will on others who have been falsely taught to believe that it is their normal duty to obey their "supe-riors." Toward those above him, he will be courteous but firm, that is to say, making the "superior" feel at all times that his will to power, so far from being his natural right, is resented for the improper and immature impulse that it in fact is. This "power" element in human relations is of crucial importance; everyone is at all times aware of it; but it is so pervasive, so universally acceptable as proper and unquestionable, even when it is felt to be onerous, that people are aware of it without being aware that they are. That is to say, the rules of power deference and command govern every nuance and tone of their manner without consciousness of it.

But to expect the "power" figures themselves to under-stand this is quite hopeless. All that they can perceive is



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the contrast between the smooth arrival at a decision resulting from their tactful and masterly handling of the committee or board or assembly, and the ragged, undisciplined, slow, cumbrous, confused procedure that results when their own masterly will is withdrawn. They fail to understand that what is crucial is the development of every individual's capacity to contribute his own vision, his own notion of where the shoe pinches. The more intimidated, the more inhibited, the more inarticulate he is, the more important is it that patience should be exercised to liberate a brother whose subjugation is the means whereby the ego of the powerful has its will.

If in the short run a price has to be paid in terms of mere administrative efficiency, it is a price that must be paid. I use the word "mere" not because I despise administrative efficiency but because it must be always kept subordinate to human relations; when this principle is observed, it ultimately redounds to the value of administrative efficiency itself. Short-run administrative efficiency is dearly purchased when it is productive of authoritarianism, resentments, arbitrary power, strikes, revolts, and so on. Genuinely democratic decision making, however untidy, however objectively erroneous it may on occasion be, never generates the social disunity and bitterness that is generated by the will to power.

Of course, the "boss," subjected to this novel and wholly unexpected point of view, cannot be expected to relish it. Although it will ultimately be good for him, a vote of thanks for the diagnosis can hardly be expected. The "boss" is very probably going to be difficult. He may indeed prove dangerous. He has teeth, and knows how to use them. After all, this is striking directly at what he has falsely been taught to consider the essence of his self-respect, his power over others. Obviously, he is not going to yield without a struggle. Courage is essential and it is imperative to show at all times that, while challenging his power, those who challenge do not themselves in any way hanker after it.

It is also necessary never to provoke by rudeness or bravado. All "bosses," viz., all power lovers, are ultimately weak, and crave to be liked, even by those whom they oppress. They are vulnerable to withdrawal of respect, even the respect of the subservient. So, when the "boss" shows signs of learning the painful lesson on even the smallest front respecting the autonomy and self-respect of others "beneath" him, it is important to show appreciative understanding. But the initiative must come from the physically weaker partner in the enterprise. What he must learn to do is not to obey "bosses," still less to kill or exile them, as has frequently been attempted in old-style revolutions, but peaceably to re-educate them to equality, anarchy and justice. Men have to apprentice themselves to the art of tactful, courteous insubordination.

It might be thought that such a program as is suggested would prove popular and evoke a swift response. What after all is more calculated to appeal to the repressed rebel in most of us? What more natural than to appeal to the employee to rise against the employer, the worker against the boss, the ruled against the ruler, the proletariat against the capitalist? In practice, nothing is more difficult. The reason is only partly to be sought in the timidity of the oppressed—the knowledge that those who rule posses powerful sanctions. Even in a modern, closely knit an tightly administered society such as our own, it is by n means impossible to defeat the rulers if they attempt t proceed beyond the limits of what is considered tolerable The reason for limitation is that the ruled fear equality which they have been deeply conditioned to regard a "anarchy" in the conventional sense. Men are from earlies infancy reared in the leading strings of parental domi nance, and the task of adolescence to throw off the tie of subjection to maternal and paternal rule is only very rarely carried through with relative success. People fea equality because they see in it a condition which threaten to remove that which is the aim of their life striving, a sense of importance deriving from privilege and dominance which will compensate for emotional impoverishment. That is the fundamental reason why the most downtrodden will react with horror to the suggestion of "anarchy." Whatever, they ask, would we do without government?

The other, equally logical, question is never asked. What would happen if suddenly all the ruled refused to be ruled any longer? Indeed, the question is absurd because existing institutions reflect deep-set patterns of human relations, which can be undermined and modified only gradually. People who talk of "revolution," in the sense of a swift cataclysmic change, fail to grasp the problem.

On the other hand, it is certainly true that when people in a position of traditional power fail to grasp that the attitudes of those "beneath" them are no longer acquiescent, sooner or later a tense confrontation outside the bounds of the law made by the rulers is sure to occur. When such situations arise, it is vital that the "under" ones display the utmost self-discipline, restraint and nonviolence. Those whose power is being undermined are after all undergoing a near-traumatic experience, and full allowance must be made for their possible violent reactions. These gradual changes can be set in motion only by reflective, sensitive and brave individuals setting about the difficult task of reordering the nature of their own human relationships in the family, at work, and in their general societies.

What has to be faced is that the belief in inequality, notwithstanding pious protestations to the contrary, goes very deep indeed. Those who enjoy privilege see in equality a threat to their way of life and its meaning. Under conditions of equality, who, they will sometimes ask in an unguarded moment, will fetch and carry? Secondly, if they are not to devote their life energies to securing their positions of privilege, status and eminence, to what will they devote their energies?

The underprivileged, on the other hand, reject the belief in equality, partly out of incredulity toward anything which does not actually as yet exist, and is therefore to be placed in the suspect category of "ideal," partly out of fear of displeasing those whom they have been taught to consider as their betters, and partly out of genuine feelings of deeply rooted inferiority. The mere discussion of equality is deeply distasteful to them, since it arouses their own unconscious feelings, going back to their childhood and school days, of inadequacy, rejection and failure. It

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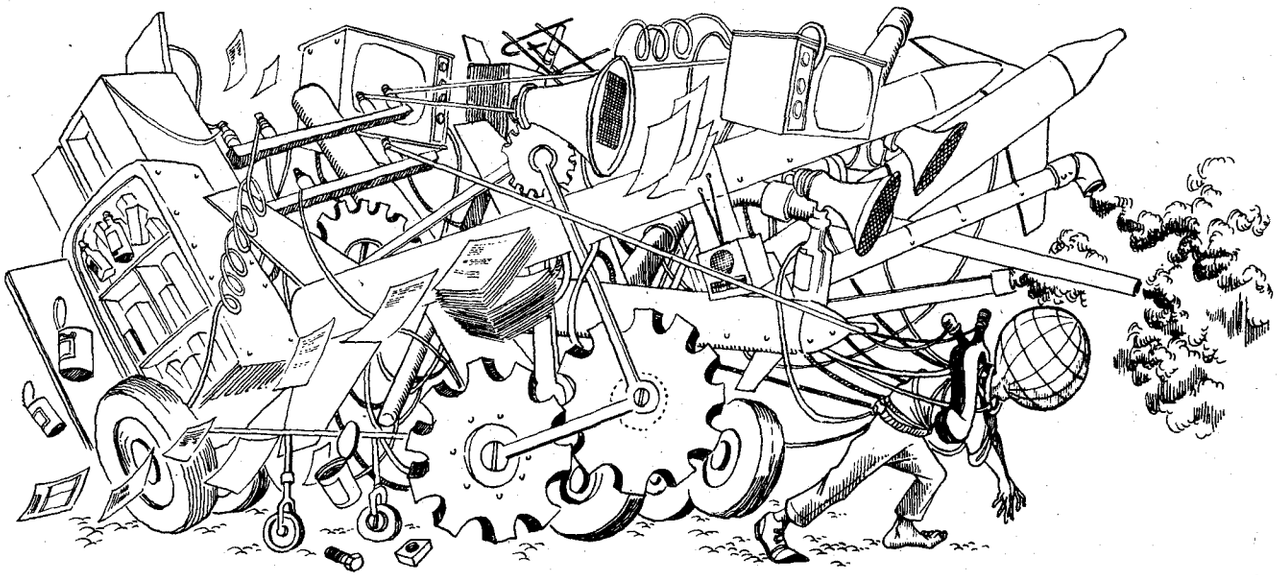

is far easier, psychologically speaking, to engage in complaints about the cost of living (which in all conscience is formidable enough), or the behavior of one's neighbor, or to seek a quick profit and dream about the "possibility" of winning the "pools" or the bingo stakes or the derby, than to face the intolerably painful truth of personal inferiority, inadequacy and anxiety.

Our existing culture is based not on values arising out of respect of, and consideration for, the well-being of the individual worker but out of the worship of wealth and increased productivity. Where the two values conflict, as they do at virtually every point, consideration for the real welfare of the individual is sacrificed. Indeed, merely to mention the value that is being neglected in society is to brand oneself as an eccentric. Imagine asking an employer in the motorcar industry, for example, if he is concerned as to whether his workers on the factory floor are "whole" men, making full use of the many-sided talents, mental and manual, with which every normal person is potentially endowed. Yet what man in his senses, if given the option, would freely choose a monotonous working life devoted to the same endlessly repetitive task, in order to be the owner of more material goods in his leisure? A sense of fulfillment and creativity in labor is indispensable to any sane "philosophy" of life. Nor are frustration and boredom by any means confined to the lower echelons. If there is sometimes evidence of demoniac energy at the top, the evidence of chronic boredom and conspicuous consumption is also clear for all to see.

To all of which the skeptic replies: "Well, but you can't go back," and this is said with an air of finality. Progress and productivity seem to be the cornerstones of the religion of such a man. His argument runs something like this: "You are asking me to consent of my own free will to a way of life in which you acknowledge that I shall be materially worse off. You are asking me voluntarily to forgo the benefits of a large-scale economy and revert to cottage industry. How absurd!"

George Orwell, who was cleareyed enough to see something of the dehumanization implicit in the worship of material progress, wealth and power, and was genuinely dismayed at the prospect for mankind already becoming apparent, was unable to free himself from the worship of productivity. He wrote in *The Road to Wigan Pier*: "In order that one may enjoy primitive methods of travel, it is necessary that no other method should be available. No human being ever wants to do anything in a more cumbrous way than is necessary. Hence the absurdity of that picture of Utopians saving their souls with fretwork. In a world where everything could be done by machinery, everything would be done by machinery."

While I know that that is how most people feel about the matter, I fail to perceive the rationality of the argument. Everything surely depends on what a man really wants, what his *real* values are. If I genuinely enjoy and prefer horse travel to motorcars or airplanes, if I genuinely enjoy making something for my own use, even if it is inferior to the mass-produced product, what is there irrational, sham, dilettante, unreal about my expressing and acting out my preferences?

Most people are deeply conditioned to prefer more for more's sake, speed for speed's sake, etc. These seem to represent their *real* values, from which they are admittedly unlikely to be weaned by mere rational argument. The fact remains that a man's basic needs are very simple; that wealth is not among those basic needs and is not only unnecessary but harmful to him. What is a fundamental need, besides harmonious relations with his fellow creatures, is the need to do for himself the simple strenuous work necessary for his own survival. That provides him with his other fundamental need, variety of work.

Speaking out of his own experience as a draftsman and craft worker, Eric Gill put it this way in his *Autobiography*: "I would rather be a workman myself and start my rebellion from that end. I would be a workman and demand a workman's rights, the rights to design what he made; and a workman's duties, the duty to make what he designed."

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Men are, of course, at liberty to reject these elemental truths, but not indefinitely. The other way of life—and fundamentally there is only one other way of life—leads logically to war on an ever growing scale of magnitude and destruction. The belief that it can be converted into a peaceful competition for planetary conquest is a characteristic politician's attempt to deceive with mythology. The moon race itself, quite independent of its horrifying cost, is an intrinsic part of the contest for military power and strategic advantage, the implications of which do not require to be spelled out to sane men, let alone pacifists.

To sum up, a pacifist is one who can recognize the gravity of the moral and spiritual implications of being prepared himself to take the life of a fellow human being, whatever the reasons, however seemingly justifiable. The answer to those who reject such a policy on the pragmatic ground that it implies sacrificing the lives of the morally more mature to those less mature, is that this is a law of the universe which cannot be altered. If "X" will in no circumstances resort to killing, whereas "Y" suffers from no such inhibition, "X's" body, his life, must, in the nature of things, always be at the mercy of "Y."

That is why pacifism rests on a true religious understanding of the nature of man's relation to the universe. Reverence for life does not mean killing in order to influence a subsequent series of events, which is never within the capacity of any individual to control. Reverence for life means revering life; that is to say, not destroying it. The purpose of life is not to save good men from perishing at the hands of bad men—for one thing, no one can ever be entirely sure how good or bad a man is. The purpose of life is to exemplify goodness at the expense of badness, and thus to strengthen the force of goodness in the world.

The next step in the argument is to grasp that violence is the outcome of the will to power in man. Chairman Mao is undoubtedly right when he observes that "political power flows out of the barrel of a gun," but he forgot to add the even more important converse of the proposition, namely that a barrel of a gun flows from the will to power. To abstain, therefore, from the quest for power follows logically from an understanding of the evil of violence. To renounce power means abandoning all ideas of getting power, of seeking to overthrow the rulers, of bringing about a revolution, of devising blueprints for new institutions. In their stead, anarchists seek to eradicate the evil potentialities in themselves, and by doing so to change the nature of their relations with other men. When enough people succeed in doing this, the social institutions which reflect existing human beliefs and relations, will of necessity begin to change. Finally, anarchists seek fellowship, not class war, nor any other war; they will not yield to class domination. Nor will they acquiesce any longer in the fraudulent shibboleths of parliamentary democracy, which are fig leaves to conceal the realities of class rule based on violence. Between parliament representing the great arsenals of wealth, be it of employers, financiers or of labor, and Socialists, there can be no compromise. Between parliament, resting on arsenals of violence o unimaginable magnitude, and pacifists, still less can ther be compromise. In that sense, pacifists seek, it is true total revolution. It is a revolution that cannot be nego tiated, but also one that cannot take place except withi the individual human soul. The pacifist perceives correctly that the barriers against violence in men are so precariou that nothing less than an absolute veto against the reso to violence and killing will serve as an adequate protection The anarchist perceives correctly that violence is engendered by the culminating effects of complex struggles fo power and predominance between large numbers of individuals and groups. The weakness of pacifism is that it is hypothetical only, until war actually breaks out, when it has to grapple with inordinately powerful xenophobic and chauvinistic emotions, if not hysteria. The weakness of anarchism lies in the contradiction between its hostility to power on the one hand and its own deeply politically oriented tradition on the other. The strength of both lies in the cutting edge of their concrete particularism in the present actuality, and their impatience of high-sounding rhetoric which conceals the deceit of the powerful. To those who talk of disarmament, the pacifist says: "The credentials of sincerity we look for are of the simplest: throw away your gun! The fact that you continue to carry it is itself sufficient proof of your insincerity." To those who talk of equality and justice, the anarchist says: "We will believe you as soon as you demonstrate your love of justice and equality by ceasing to strive to obtain power over others in order to govern them. For the power to rule and dispose of wealth is the original source of inequality and injustice."

In order to abolish war, it is certainly necessary to refuse to take part in it; but it is also necessary to live in a way that is conducive to peace and not to war. The way of life that leads to war is one that is based on competition in wealth getting in order to secure primacy of power and prestige over others. Anything that enables the individual to affirm his humanity, his equality, his fulfillment in earning the affections of others, is true progress and promotes the peace of mankind. Anything that sacrifices those things for the mechanization of life, for increased speed, wealth, power, is retrogressive, and culminates logically in destruction and suffering. Men must learn to stop competing with one another. It is difficult, but it is by no means impossible.

Freedom from competition and its replacement by mutual affection can begin only in the home; and such homes can be built only by women and men who love one another, which means respecting one another's individuality on a reciprocal basis for life. Nothing less will serve the needs of children. The alternative is the production of more automated and mechanized warriors to man a rocket-propelled civilization even more maniacal than our own.

The choice has never before been so starkly defined for humanity. It is for us—for all of us without distinction of person—to choose. The outcome will depend entirely on the efforts which every one of us makes. We must have peace; we shall have peace. But truly a gargantuan struggle lies before us. □

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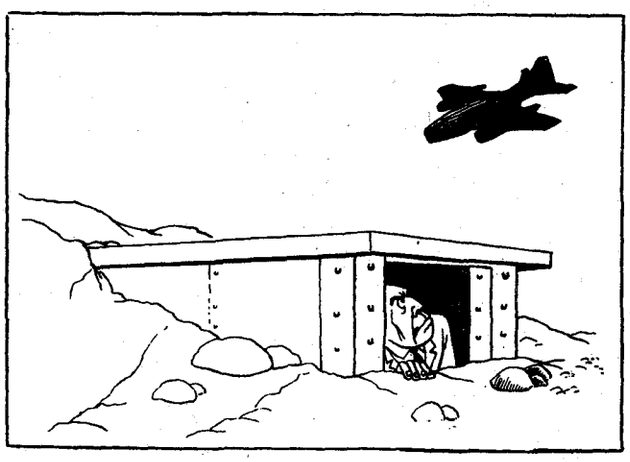
4. The Death Machine

JOSEPH E. MULLIGAN, S. J.
Mr. Mulligan, at the time of his arrest for destroying Selective Service records, was a student at Bellarmine School of Theology, Aurora, Ill. He has been a member of the Jesuit order for about ten years, and looks forward to ordination in the near future. Mr. Mulligan is still in prison, his first request for parole having been denied (he had supported a strike of inmates against conditions within the prison).

On June 5, 1970 twelve men and women of Middle America returned a verdict of guilty in the trial of some of the "Chicago 15," the group which, in an effort to raise the important issues of the war in Indochina, American exploitation of the Third World, racism at home and abroad, the death machine of the draft, the distorted and anti-human national priorities, etc., and in an effort to throw a nonviolent monkey wrench into the grinding machinery of the government, had destroyed draft files in Chicago on May 25, 1969. Our action seems part of a long-past history; the year of speaking and organizing now blends with the early civil rights movement as the country moves into more frightening and hellish times, and the trial has taken its place in the long series of political trials which one of my co-defendants described as administrative halfway stations to prison. The action and the trial have received a considerable amount of attention, and so I do not wish to linger on things past. The present careens forward, downhill, at breakneck pace. This essay will be an attempt to reflect on and interpret the meaning of my life in prison, filled as it is with the vast events "on the outside."



Somewhere and somehow in the turmoil and violence of the present, the future is being born; this country has just gotten to the maternity hospital, however, and the pangs are only in their first stages. Or, to reverse the metaphor, the nation (perhaps all of Western "civilization") has just gotten to the terminal hospital after a decade of futile first aid; the agony has begun, the death rattle can be heard, and hope lies in the resurrection after death. The nation is not yet 200 years old, but it is decrepit; its high ideals have not been realized; its government has become the number-one enemy of the people, the poor people, of the earth; its institutions have hardened into an existence (not life) of their own, oblivious of the human values and purposes for which they were founded. And so the present order is rapidly changing, dying, passing from the human scene—to make way for a rebirth of humaneness in a new tomorrow, a new city, which may be ever so slightly more humane than the old.

Being found guilty of crime by a guilt-laden and criminal society, I was jailed, appeal bond being denied because I was deemed dangerous to society (an estimation which may be valid, given the deteriorating state of that society and my own stance vis-à-vis the government). Also a factor in the judge's decision to revoke bond was the disappearance of some of my co-conspirators, who had decided to try to carry on the struggle from the infant underground in this country. While wishing them more power, I had decided that the role of fugitive from injustice would not be mine. I did not wish to exist in constant and debilitating fear of the FBI, in a closed world where my own survival would be my first consideration. My business is radical communication rather than continuous and serious sabotage, and a clandestine existence offered little if any prospect for public speaking, free discussion, etc. My Jesuit brother, Fr. Dan Berrigan, seemed for a while to be making a go of it, publishing widely and apparently showing up at various doors and thus bringing on a crisis of conscience for those who would claim to "support" him. (Unfortunately, his experiment came to an abrupt end.) As for myself, I decided to take my chances with the roulette of sentencing, hoping for a relatively short period of incarceration which might be somewhat productive, followed by relative freedom in society.

My guarded hopes were not entirely dashed. After three days in Cook County jail, seven of us were brought to Judge Robson's courtroom in Chicago's Federal Building. As the moment of sentencing drew near, our estimates ranged as high as twenty-three years, almost a quarter of a century, the sum of four consecutive sentences on the four counts in the indictment. I was somewhat prepared, psychologically and emotionally, to hear the judge pronounce sentences amounting to ten years for each of us, which I could have accepted with some degree of equanimity, though not without considerable trepidation.

Each of the defendants and lawyers had a limited op-

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portunity to address the court—limited by the club of sentencing which would follow the speeches. Still eager to present facts and raise issues, I spoke of the urgent and worsening situation in Vietnam at the time of our action a year ago, and of the continuing crimes of violence perpetrated by the U.S. Government in the middle of 1970. I pointed out that the data which had informed my decision in May of 1969 showed a rising casualty rate, despite Administration claims that the killing was winding down: in November of 1968, 600 American boys lost their lives in Vietnam, but by March of 1969 the monthly toll was approximately 1,300. In addition it was becoming clear that the United States was stepping up its military operations in Laos, particularly with a vast increase in intensive bombing of that country after the November 1968 halt to the three-year-old aerial pounding of North Vietnam. On the basis of these data and many other indications, we had concluded that peace efforts, both within and without the "system," had utterly failed and that another step had to be taken, which would represent a decisive move from protest into resistance.

Standing somewhat uneasily before the judge on June 9, 1970, I could not fail to highlight the urgency of the present moment as well. I mentioned that the U.S. Government had just sent arms to the regime in Trinidad to insure the suppression of a Black Power revolution in that all-Negro land, the primary goal of which was to rid the country of foreign corporate interests dominating the native oil and sugar industries. I spoke also of the moral and military support given by the American Government to the brutal military dictatorship in Brazil, which is breaking all records in kind and degree of torturing of political prisoners, and which, upon its acquisition of power in 1964, began to enjoy about seven times as much U.S. "aid" as the liberal and somewhat anti-American business government of Goulart had received. And so I concluded, in a rather lame and hasty way, due to the judge's repeated glances at the clock, that all of us must intensify our efforts for peace and justice.

The speechmaking finished, the judge had his turn to deliver wisdom. He extolled the virtues of the American system of justice and the glories of the nation, with particular reference to "our institutions which have grown great and strong." The most memorable remark from the throne was the assertion that "We cannot allow ourselves to be dragged down to the level of the Third World." Thus Judge Robson proved himself a true spokesman for the government, in almost as candid a fashion as Richard Nixon when, in his 1968 campaign, he assured a rural audience that "the main purpose of American foreign aid is not to help other countries but to help ourselves." Robson's statement was his response to our numerous references during the trial to American exploitation of the underdeveloped countries.

Sentence was first pronounced upon three absent defendants, Linda Quint, Fr. Nick Riddell and Charlie Muse, who had said "good riddance" to the American judicial apparatus one day before the verdict was returned. Each received two five-year sentences, to be served *consecutively,* thus amounting to a decade of incarceration (if they are ever apprehended), plus ten years' probation. Upon hearing this, I turned to Fred Chase and expressed my hunch that the rest of us would get a total of five years each. This proved true. Although these sentences were the highest yet imposed on a group of draft-file defilers, they fell somewhat short of our worst fears. Seen in perspective, the action had been a rather mild response to the urgent times, and the prison term is not an exorbitant price for American radicals who are growing in solidarity with the wretched of the earth, beaten and slaughtered by a regime which we must still consider "ours" in some sense. The penalty was further tempered by the fact that the judge sentenced us under a particular rule that makes us eligible for parole almost immediately. This "A sentence" seems to have some significance, but I suspect that the judge merely wanted to pass the buck to the parole board and to toss a sop to the liberals. By so doing, he has appeased the right wing with the five-year sentence, while to liberals who may complain about such harsh treatment to nice young people, he can retort: "But they can be paroled at any time."

After a brief and somewhat joyful visit with friends and family in the Federal Building, and after reading an article in the *National Catholic Reporter* on American exploitation and repression in Latin America, we were shipped back to Cook County jail, which would be our abode for about thirty days, until we were transferred to various federal "correctional institutions." Three days earlier, upon entry to the jail, we had refused to sign certain papers, one of which would grant permission to our keepers to censor our mail. At that point in our trek through the judicial process, we wanted to say "no" to the system and its officers, to express by any minor act of defiance our conviction that the complex of government in this country has lost its legitimate authority, though indeed we recognized the force and power still wielded, today rather frantically, by the regime. This force and power, would enable the jailers to censor our mail of their own accord, though not with our cooperation.

Being disobedient and uncooperative, we were assigned to "the hole," where we joined our brother Fred and at least enjoyed the company of one another during our stay. Tier G-4 has various degrees of "hole." For the first few days, we were confined to our cells, Fred in #1, Durkin and Sweeney in #2, Gargan and Fullenkamp in #3, and I in #4. We would emerge only for meals, and in less than a minute we would pick up our plate of starch and cup of liquid and return to our cells. The dimensions of each cell are 8 by 5 feet, containing a toilet, sink, and in our cells graffiti, such as: "They can kill a revolutionary but they can't kill the revolution"; "Fuck the draft"; "Victory is a long chain of defeats," etc.

During this time of isolation, I had a couple of books to read, including an old Bible whose dated language did not help to turn me on! I engaged in a considerable amount of prayerful reflection, letting my mind wander through successive periods of my life, discerning some continuities, rejoicing in good fortune and in the people I've known and loved, placing my jail experience in context—in short, getting a hold on myself. The political and moral dimensions of our resistance and imprisonment gave meaning to a trying situation. It is a strange experience to be imprisoned in the claws of a corrupt and dying monster. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Modern Humanism and the 18th Century

THE POLITICS OF AUTHENTICITY: Radical Individualism and the Emergence of Modern Society. *By Marshall Berman. Atheneum Publishers. 325 pp. $8.95.*

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What does it it mean to be modern? In Western countries, at any rate, it means, most obviously, to live in societies committed to a widening technological control of nature and a bureaucratic control of masses of men—including the coordination of their attitudes through proliferating means of communication and a dulling of their affects through regimented education. To many in the professional and technocratic middle class this situation is increasingly experienced as moral anomie and isolation, the weakening of personal identity, and the loss of vital powers. *The Politics of Authenticity* suggests that the modern condition has a larger dimension, and that modernity has to do with the ways in which these situations and experiences impinge upon the individual so as to make his very nature problematical to himself. This book argues that in the 18th century, when our technology, bureaucracy and the forms of modern capitalism were germinating, the themes of personal identity, alienation and self-development were becoming real in experience and palpable to thought. On this view, then, the modern age opening with the 18th century is qualitatively different from its predecessors in that it defines a new spiritual condition.

The modernity of the 18th century involves a double movement: a shattering and breaking out of traditional social and moral structures which had authoritatively ascribed life roles to individuals; and a much more subtle elaboration of new structures which bind individuals inwardly and psychically to the new "freedom" of the market. The "paradox" of modernity lies in the fact that the human energy required to abolish old roles and modes opens a new range of social powers and possibilities, while at the same time its actual deployment saps the sense of self requisite to the humane and rational realization of these powers and possibilities.

In Marshall Berman's view the 18th-century Enlightenment expresses not only a wide-ranging attack on the old regime's structure of traditional repression but is itself deeply implicated in the paradox of modernity. Thus Montesquieu and Rousseau especially must concern us, not only as members of an emancipating vanguard, fighters of earlier good fights, but as among the first to raise *our* question—the question of contemporary middle-class people, of intellectuals, of adepts of psychoanalysis, of partisans of modernism generally—that of *how to be ourselves.* In showing us the beginnings of this modern questioning and suggesting how it was to become perennial, *The Politics of Authenticity* uncovers a new level of seriousness in 18th-century thought.

For example, we are invited to a fresh exploration of *The Persian Letters* which carefully unfolds the presence of Montesquieu's overriding intellectual project, the reconciliation of judging and valuing with a respect for the wealth of empirical particularity. So *The Persian Letters* breaks out of the already established genre of exotic travel literature: the observing Persian traveler is observed, and the humanly distorting effects, not only of French society but of the Persian seraglio as well, are revealed. What is being distorted is human individuality, selfhood in its most basic expression, sexual love. The final desperate revolt of the Persian wives, which brings *The Persian Letters* to an apparently abrupt close, suggests a new link between personality and politics, prefiguring a new concept of revolution in which a fundamentally biological "right to be oneself" claims a place on the agenda of political change.

For Montesquieu, however, it is the modern city, as he knows and enjoys it—the Parisian metropolis with its nervous, ceaseless human movement, its mixing and confusing of social conditions—which creates the possibilities for individual liberation. Dissolving and exposing social pretenses, the flux of urban life enables people to appropriate their deeper selves and to become more authentically human. Thus the early Montesquieu (although not the author of *Spirit of the Laws*) emerges in Marshall Berman's analysis as a herald of modern self-knowledge.

Quite rightly—and imaginatively—*The Politics of Authenticity* focuses on the city, the large and opulent capital, as a central fact in the experience of 18th-century thinkers. The rural and agricultural enthusiasms of the age responded in the first place to the paradoxical character of urban existence—opulent and miserable, free and frightening. Rousseau, whose lifelong project of self-appropriation constitutes the core of this book, is the anxious celebrant of rusticity and solitude, but in reaction to a Parisian social world which promises him more than it can give. To him social movement and flux, comparison, competition, disclose not the true self but instead a problem—namely that an authentic sense of self (narrowly possible in the traditional society of ascribed ranks and distinctions) has been lost in the competitive interactions of the modern metropolis. Indeed, Rousseau interprets the competitive and acquisitive impulses of individuals as symptoms of an inner emptiness or lack, which in turn he derives from the historical development of the division of labor, rather than from the "universal" principles of the atomistic psychology of interests then in vogue. As Berman sees it, Rousseau's fundamental ethical concern is not human *insincerity* as such but rather inauthenticity or self-alienation. The social mask or role does not so much conceal the inner man from others as it emotionally distances this inner man from himself, dissociating his consciousness, obscuring the elementary needs and drives and, above all, the simple love of self (*amour de soi*) which is the source of his happiness and his potential solidarity with other men.

That inner emptiness which Pascal had interpreted as the fundamental, ontologically given datum of the human condition, could thus be seen by Rousseau a century later, in a world whose experiential range had been vastly broadened by human activity itself, as the result of the progress of civilization. Thought now begins to grasp the dialectical relationship between man's inner and outer worlds, and the intimation arises that the wound inflicted by civilization can be healed in and through civilization —that is, history. Or, as Marx was to say, "mankind always takes up only such problems as it can solve." For Rousseau, modern society can deliver man from the inhuman situation it has imposed. Social instability—competitiveness, the mixing of conditions—creates the psychological prerequisites of the "concrete imagination" rooted in and committed to

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the possibilities of human time and space. In other words, modern men have the power and, more than that, the need to project alternative ways of social life and political organization into a future which is understood as continuous with their present.

The Politics of Authenticity shows Rousseau as such a modern man, whose concrete imaginings of different modes of sexual love, pedagogy and political life, appealed most powerfully to his contemporaries. Marshall Berman reads the whole Rousseauan *oeuvre* as political in that the explicit point of departure, whether in autobiography, fiction, pedagogy or political thought, is always society's actual conditions and dissonances as Rousseau experiences them. And the immanent principle of his experience is to grasp self-consciousness, not as a given, as a "state of mind," but as a problem, and hence to regard life as a project of self-realization which necessarily implicates the "outer" world as well as the "inner" man. As a political theorist Marshall Berman shows us how each Rousseauan remedy of inauthenticity—in work, sex, education, in literary culture—leads him in every case to acknowledge, however tacitly, the presence of the wider but ineluctable limits of social structure and politics. It is these critical acknowledgments which mark the starting points of Rousseau's utopian strain.

For Rousseau, like most of his contemporaries, thought of the great monarchies of the West as historically definitive; and his generation was unequipped to see in social revolution anything but a vast social regression, a catastrophe. The French Revolution, for all its violence and disappointments, was to open a range of human possibilities some of which are still on the agenda of modern society. Knowing nothing of this, Rousseau anxiously drew back from the possibilities of an authentic politics, which he himself had limned out—a politics in which social bonds would always be open to new questions, to the continual re-creation of community. In this way, Rousseau's celebration of the simple and the rustic shades into the regimented civic competition and patriotic conditioning of his *Constitution of Poland,* into his perverse nostalgia for the inculcated brutality of ancient Sparta, for the impoverished simplicity of Corsica.

Rousseau's fear and anxiety, and his yearning for totality, are also seen to color his attitude to sex, to education, and to family life in *Emile* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Around the demand for spontaneity and independence twines his subtle and insidious hope that children, servants, lovers and men generally can be brought to cease their imaginings, that their compliance to authority and, indeed, their contentment, happiness, and even love can be voluntarily and willingly evoked through the wise arrangements of a husband, a master, a legislator. It is one of the great merits of this study to have shown that a "politics of inauthenticity" develops dialectically from Rousseau's lifelong search in love, family life and social organization for a kind of community that would draw on man's authentic needs and powers. "The politics of inauthenticity is an integral and indispensable part of the politics of authenticity." The tired old question of whether Rousseau was an individualist or collectivist is thus transcended in an original and creative way. Totalitarianism—in thought and in practice the program offering an integral and changeless plenitude for the individual in a fixed social order based on manipulated consent—is seen as one of the recurrent temptations of modern society. Because this society is rich in dangers as well as satisfactions, and because Rousseau was nothing if not serious about this society which he saw in its emergence, he is unquestionably a dangerous thinker. As I read it, Marshall Berman's book teaches that to shun or ignore the dangerous is to drastically restrict experience and weaken the sense of life. And scholarship is, after all, a part of life.

The foregoing account gives only the barest suggestion of the wealth of meditation and insight contained in this book. The author, for all his fluency in the language of contemporary youth culture, is a lover of literature, a careful examiner of texts, a scrupulous searcher of meanings. General themes are not driven forward by their own inertia, but developed and nuanced through a judicious and imaginative selection of original passages. These in turn are *heard* by an ear unusually sensitive to the significant forms of prose—repetition, antithesis, expository rhythm and pace—and to their cognitive yield. This scrupulosity and care is not in the service of professorial specialization or scholarly wrangling, nor does it purport to give the "whole picture" of the age. Was 18th-century thought centered on the rational appropriation of the empirical world? Or was it, as more "interesting" modern scholars would hold, fatally oriented toward an intellectual and moral nihilism which achieves its full efflorescence in the 20th century? Berman's book appears to ignore such questions, but in actuality it undercuts them; and it does this by showing that the dilemmas and pains of our modern life are neither the illusions of affluence, nor the incidents of adjustment to progress, but that they express the decline of the capitalist order; that these pains and dilemmas are intrinsic to the psychic structures of acquisitive society; that these structures have an archaeology which can be unearthed in the thought of the 18th century, the age which took the decisive steps toward modernity. In this sense Berman's book aims to reappropriate the past, not in some imagined "fulness" but in its connectedness with our most intimate psychic experiences. In demonstrating that there is a distinctively modern kind of self-knowledge, parallel to the rise of modern society, and not confined to the orbits of pop sociology or even psychoanalysis, this study shows us some of the possibilities of contemporary humanism. And in reconstructing the beginnings of this knowledge, *The Politics of Authenticity* points up the visionary powers of 18th-century literature, including the literature of political thought.

This study also testifies to the perennially fructifying influence of Marx's analysis of self-alienation, fetishism and false consciousness. Through German idealism Marx had inherited the 18th-century's disquiet over the unhappy consciousness. But with Marx this meditative disquiet achieves a new level of seriousness, in that he interprets the unhappiness of men, their self-alienation, as expressions of their necessary social activity. In building up its social world through labor, modern humanity transforms its consciousness and its very nature. The beginnings of this travail of self-transformation are what Berman's study has tried to recapture.

But there is a difference in perspectives. For Marx, man's nature is to be found in the ensemble of his reified social relationships, and the fulfillment of his nature requires that he consciously master and appropriate those relationships through the process of revolution. The world of commodities and money relationships—the congealed results of human activity—has, therefore, for Marx (as for his 18th-century predecessors) a promising and inviting aspect in that it is ultimately amenable to thought. The exchange of commodities masks the real relationships of men, but the widening range of its practical activity and experience enables the industrial proletariat to penetrate this mystification. But *The Politics of Authenticity* speaks to an era in which the working class can no longer be seen as the agent of historical progress, an era which has raised the most serious questions about the concept of progress itself. Marshall Berman, with his focus on the Western, urban

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'service" middle class, posits a society of total conditioning which has moved beyond the possibility of revolution, which appears incapable of self-transcendence. "No one in this system is autonomous—not even at the top." We are all victims; there are no real beneficiaries of the system; and this universal victimization does not unify and set in motion social groups which would see a possible future only in its demise. As I understand the implications of this study, in the system of bureaucratized capitalism—the society with a built-in bias toward totalitarian solutions, toward the "politics of inauthenticity"—traditional social thought loses its connection with social action, and hence its power of unmasking and demystifying. Instead, it is moral philosophy, especially existentialism, and psychiatry, as well as art, which appeal to those who are "consciously striving for authenticity," to

> young people, hip or straight . . . determined above all "to do their own thing"; countless anonymous men and women all over who are fighting desperately, against all odds, simply to preserve, to feel, to be themselves. All these seekers after authenticity are just beginning to learn a fact of life which our first seekers always knew: that whoever you are, or want to be, you may not be interested in politics, but politics is interested in you.

Thus the intellectual and aesthetic expressions of modern middle-class alienation may lead people to a kind of social wisdom. And it is once again the metropolis, with its insecurities, its staccato rhythms, its kaleidoscope concealments and disclosures, which opens the possibility of self-knowledge within the order of alienated needs and inauthentic wants. Strangely, then, the conclusion of this book returns us to one of the 18th-century themes which it explores. However, in our time, one might add, urban experience teaches not self-discovery but self-possession. For if the values of authenticity, individuality and creativity have such self-evident force in our time, it is largely because the 18th century began to naturalize them in common discourse and experience. So while Marx's humanism (particularly as embodied in the 1844 manuscripts) has crucially informed and illuminated this book, nevertheless, in substance Marshall Berman returns to a radical individualism deriving from pre-Marxist sources. Or, one might say that *The Politics of Authenticity* forms part of the continuing enterprise of assimilating Marx to modernist middle-class culture. Its contribution in this respect is a brilliant one; but as part of this enterprise *The Politics of Authenticity* supports, in effect, Sartre's dictum that Marxism remains the fundamental philosophy of our age. □

The Cycle of Sensibility

THE WORLD BEFORE US: Poems 1950-70. *By Theodore Weiss. The Macmillan Co. 287 pp. $6.95.*

HAYDEN CARRUTH
Mr. Carruth is a poet, novelist and critic. His most recent book of poetry, For You, *was published in October by New Directions.*

When I opened this new book by my friend Ted Weiss, a handsome volume containing a selection of poems already published, together with twenty-three new ones, I found myself on the first page, as it were, eating Proust's madeleine: I was cast back on waves of sensuous language to the exact feeling of literature in our youth a quarter-century ago. In Weiss's early poems I seemed to hear at once every bell of a distant peal. Not just Valéry or Pound or Joyce or Rilke or Ford or Stevens but the entire tintinnabulation, our epoch's first literary renaissance, jumbled timbres both great and obscure, the linguistic intoxication of an age. Not that we young ones merely imitated our seniors, though imitation in some sense was important to us. We were poor scholars, by and large, lazy readers, and half the time didn't know what our predecessors had been talking about; besides, we wanted to be ourselves. But how we reveled in their reputations, their power won through words! It was the triumph of language, or so we thought. We set out to equal them, and what we wrote, the good or the bad, could not have been in greater contrast to the studiously plain, careless, unambitious writing of young poets today. It had its dangers, that old wild dream of style, as I have pointed out elsewhere. But it had its pleasures too; *raptures, ecstasies,* as we kept calling them, only half in irony; and I can think of no better poet than Weiss with whom to celebrate our nostalgia.

Amid ocean of wish—
and the dolphins of whim
with slippery fins flick up
the playful swishing spray
in my comber-briny face—
amid ocean of wish,
shaped no doubt like pine-
apple, bristling and resolute
on its dish, carapaced
as any crab, crabbed
as any apple can be,
amid swirl-
ing and so certain sea (palms
to the right no doubt
as the stalk, saw-toothed,
tusked worthy of a snout, roots

out night-borne chough
chattering as the sea, bruited
from the daysprings of a voice
beyond appeal) with me
the root
I suddenly see
her rising a resonant, a serene,
the dolphins flipt around her,
pips of spray punctual in eyes
seagreen . . .

So (among other matters) Venus mounting from the waves—billows of irony!—which was an almost obligatory theme with us, and no wonder. War-battered, we needed love. Denatured, we needed ways to restore a pre-Freudian mystery to sex. Don't think we did not write in urgency simply because we chose set themes. But notice the language. Imitative, of course; we know that the "night-borne chough" is Yeats's, and that no one says "bruited" in verse who has not read Ransom; the whole poem, of which I have quoted a third, has a flavor of the derivative. But there is plenty of Weiss in it too, especially the way he uses language, uses it with purpose and for all it is worth, every craftsmanly element, every device, vocabulary, grammar, rhythm, tone, all the nuances of association and echo, with the result that his poem has a quality of tension which rises through its imitativeness and nearly through its substantial meaning. And this quality of language, this tension and tensility, is to my mind what characterizes the best poetry by young poets of that period, whatever our writing may have lacked in perceptual directness and experiential relevance, just as it is the quality I find so evidently and regrettably absent from the poetry of today's young writers, who may have ample other merits and whose unfortunate disdain for the craft of poetic articulation has a certain historical justice.

I hope I will be forgiven for having dwelt so long on Weiss's early poems. His book, *The World Before Us,* naturally places the emphasis the other way around, not on origins but on destinations, and is a splendid selection for this purpose, though Weiss's longest poem, *Gunsight,* which is one of his best, is not included. Other shorter narrative and dramatic poems, like "Wunsch-

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zettel" and "Caliban Remembers," show his storytelling skills equally well perhaps, and the rest of the poems, lyrical, reflective, erotic, show a remarkable diversity of themes within a remarkable consistency of texture. The inner part of this consistency comes from the poet's characteristic turn of mind, which is dialectical, the simplest questions being posed in terms of conflict, so that often quotation marks are used to distinguish abstract points of view even where no speaking persons are present. The outer part of the consistency comes, of course, from language. Weiss has evolved in a straight line from his early poems, which is my excuse for writing about them at length. He soon sloughed off the imitative elements, which I have exaggerated anyway, and turned from set themes to more personal frames of reference and firmer concepts of expressiveness; yet still with the same winding syntax, precise diction and rhythmic tension. A poem by Weiss is indelibly his own. Indeed I often cannot understand the separate components of his idiosyncratic prosody, such as his hyphenated line endings or absolutely capricious interior line breaks; yet where I question such matters in the work of other poets, here I cannot, because they are so firmly and unalterably fixed in their totally individualized parent structures. They are the essential parts of a poem by Weiss, whose prosodic reasoning, even intuition, may be obscure, but whose end product, the poem in its wholeness, is not.

The shape of Weiss's poetry on the page, its coiling, spiraling movement up and down, corresponds to the way his language winds ever back on itself in the search for more precise discriminations of feeling, moral and aesthetic judgment and descriptive rightness. It is civilized poetry, in both the ordinary meaning of polish and refinement and in the higher meaning of eagerness to discover, reaffirm, and transfigure its own primitivism. It does not appeal to everyone. Impatient readers, who are willing to overlook the moral consequence of the moment when a feeling passes from one state to another, find it finicky or pedantic. But it is nothing of the kind, and I am sure its appeal is not limited to the poet's contemporaries. On the contrary, young people will prize this work, perhaps more than we do, because like all poetry which is both intrinsically sound and somewhat at variance with the immediate cultural and social needs of the day, this poetry is prophetic. It cannot help being prophetic. It bears one required phase of the cycle of human sensibility, from whose turning civilization is generated. If it is on the downturn now, it will come up again, as long as the generator keeps going, and the young people who see this are those upon whom we bestow what faith we have in the continuance of the generator, i.e., in the eventual restoration, when the other phases of sensibility have done their work, of civilized value. Thus a fine and modest book may have a role greater than its appearance implies, the transmission of excellence across a cultural gap. I am not being sententious; I know these same things may be said of other books. The point is to overcome one's fear of anomaly and say them, and to say them at th time and place of greatest advantage when one has a chance to be heard b the people to whom the books in ques tion must be commended. Have I suc a chance? Is the time too late, the plac too remote? I don't know. Someone ha remarked that "literature is what wil be rediscovered after the revolution." This makes our present belief in th importance—not the supreme impor tance, not at all, but still the great im portance—of literary values seem anom alous indeed. One does one's best, as Tec Weiss has done and is doing. And witl that, one rests. □

Murderous Machiavel

FORTUNE'S CIRCLE: A Biographical Interpretation of Niccolò Machiavelli. *By Charles D. Tarlton. Quadrangle Books. 159 pp. $6.95.*

MACHIAVELLI: A Dissection. *By Sydney Anglo. Harcourt, Brace & World. 300 pp. $7.95.*

SERGE HUGHES
Mr. Hughes teaches Italian literature at Hunter College. He is the author of The Fall and Rise of Modern Italy *(Macmillan).*

Centennial celebrations are, for some old authors, like a visit to a very muscular masseuse. A calculated risk. The slapping, whacking, pressing here and tugging there, a somewhat undecorous experience at best, is particularly so for old literary bones; but the stimulation can make up for the discomfort. After the tumult a wrinkled writer might, just might, look fresher. Could neglected authors ask for more?

According to unofficial surveys, however, Machiavelli has never been partial to the treatment. He is in fine shape and doesn't need it. Nevertheless, 400 years after his birth all kinds of people—among them a few who have read him well—continue to explain what he meant and how we should feel about it. As a consequence the Machiavelli bibliography has grown into a pedestal that dwarfs the statue. Yet something is still being said; witness two recent works, the *Machiavelli* of Charles D. Tarlton and that of Sydney Anglo.

The approach of Professor Tarlton, at first glance, seems to be the very stuff of common sense. Since abstract reason alone is only a part of life, the argument goes, we need to look as well at the experiences that had the greatest impact upon Machiavelli—his experience of soldiers, politics, women, political power Is there a better way to find out wha conclusions he came to, how he came tc them and what they're worth? The answer is yes, there is a better way. It would be better to start off by recognizing that not all our experiences throw light on our conclusions. It would help to realize, too, that it is hard to determine which experiences have the greatest impact on us. Moreover, it seems likely that for Machiavelli, religion, literary and logical coherence, and pagan and Christian ethics were more important "experiences" than many others.

To understand this is to grasp that the only way of judging thought is by taking thought, and on this score Professor Tarlton's study is a disappointment. His reflections lack bite. Convinced that Machiavelli has been wronged, that he is not evil, he nevertheless does not make a convincing case for him as a cold paragon of intellectual and moral virtue. He is much too content to smile at the hypocrisy and slander of those who think differently. More is really needed to make plausible the final portrait of Ser Niccolò as the fearless, coherent thinker, the fine comedian, the trustworthy dramatic historian and something besides—the gallant existential hero who self-mockingly triumphs over all forms of adversity. An unexpected result of a common sense psychological point of view: the portrait is rather traditional. Long before existentialism was a popular word, Italians—from De Sanctis to Croce— looked upon Machiavelli in much the same way, as a kind of Humphrey Bogart of political science. And Italians were not alone in doing so.

This is not the portrait that emerges from Professor Anglo's more

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mbitious and meditative pages. His Machiavelli is not particularly gallant, eroic, or even of a piece. Whether as icious immoralist or fearless analyst, he s of modest proportions. Indeed, the uthor's attitude toward Machiavelli is eminiscent of divinity's retort to the nguished poet who confessed to being 'the worst of sinners": "Vanity, my little nan, you're nothing of the kind."

That, in fact, is the point of this stylsh work—that the time has come, given he conclusions of much recent Machiavelli scholarship, to debunk. To do so airly, elegantly and thoroughly. With his intent, Professor Anglo, too, discusses some of Machiavelli's experiences or what they may tell us about his views on man and politics. He restricts his investigations, however, to more or less public experiences. The "inside Machiavelli," the place of women, etc., does not nterest him at all. As a historian of ideas ne has other work to do. He moves from Machiavelli's contemporaries to his modern-day critics, shuttling between comparisons and drawing conclusions. Occasionally the author succumbs to one traditional weakness of this approach, overemphasizing the origin of ideas and minimizing their peculiar tonality in a given context. It doesn't really matter, for example, that Machiavelli was hardly the first to urge citizen armies and the abolition of mercenary troops. The important thing is the passion and urgency that he gave to this central conviction. But to emphasize this slip is to be almost picayune. Professor Anglo does not share at all, hallelujah, the far greater failing of a number of historians of ideas, an obsessive and exclusive concern for ideas. He goes to considerable lengths to show that in spite of the ideas it expresses, and what they tell us of Machiavelli the man, the poetry of Ser Niccolò is pretty poor stuff. Similarly, while he thinks it important to tap the *Mandragola* in order to understand some of Machiavelli's convictions, he realizes that as a comedy it has the fresh sprightliness of a traveling salesman's story.

The heart of the meditation, though, is centered on the problem of the value of Machiavelli's ideas on pagan religion and Christianity, the many meanings of virtue, and the idea of power. The question, principally, is whether these views on man and politics constitute anything resembling a coherent whole, or whether they are a darkling plain illuminated from time to time by dazzling intuitions. To some extent this is the debate, in terms of modern Machiavelli scholarship, between Chabod and Meinecke. There is no doubt where Professor Anglo stands. He, like Meinecke, believes that the alleged tough realism of Machiavelli is

LATE AT NIGHT

Peering out into the dark
Gets you your face thrown right back at you
Through the window-pane.

Everything flings back
Out of the dark into the light of yourself—
Ennui of unprejudiced thought.

Do you know the little zoo
In Golders Hill Park—
The peacocks there?

Feathered Orients,
Sheen of metallic blaze and blue
And those all but invisible heads, almost intaglio,

One-dimensional
Murderous, perhaps, if they struck,
Pressed into their glittering, turning shields.

Lo, how he turns,
Hoping for the peahen's best
(If he notices when it happens),

Endlessly patient—and suddenly
The Maharajah of Dacca
Has his back to me!

I'm backstage!
O unrehearsed rear of the Real,
The view from the peacock's tail!

Everything gone brown-grey, barnyard-homey,
And all that proud shield of glory up front
Flung into his audience from what's back here.

Yes, Achilles behind his *shield, just stricken,*
Must have seen himself all the way back here
Where everything really *happens.*

Here's where the claws touch earth.
Here's whence the peahen's trodden.
Here the dropping, all that's vulnerable, all the damned tautology—

Great, outspread, oppressive wings of the commonplace,
Towering above, behind us,
Shriek of the chaotic, denying glory!

I turned my burning shield toward you,
And you, yours, to me.
Did we see, through the reflections, some glimmer

Of one real another, standing
Back here, back there, peering
Into the darkness between?

And I wanted, too,
To pierce back through your eyes
Into the brain, the being, the worlds around "you."

Can I touch the world without treading it?
Know the suffering without redoubling it?
Love without hunching the whole of my peacock's back along?

M. L. Rosenthal

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nothing of the kind; that his thinking, especially his *Realpolitik,* is flabby; that his solutions are invariably extreme alternatives. The undeniable genius of Machiavelli lies in his awareness of the crucial problems, not in his solutions.

The conclusions of this intriguing study are unequivocal. Machiavelli is not a coherent philosopher or sociologist, much less a fine poet or comedian, and not even a very good man. He is a powerful historian with a vision almost as bleak as that of Spengler. Above all, he is a superb rhetorician; that is to say, he convinced and still convinces many that he is anything but a rhetorician. Today, this conclusion is palpably unpopular. Is there a better reason, then, to read the case that can be made for it? □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

An evening of Bach at the Metropolitan Museum's Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium offered the special pleasure of soprano Elly Ameling's singing in two cantatas (BWV 202 and 209), confirming one's impression from recordings that she is an artist of unusual musicality. Her sound is what the professionals call a "made sound," and thus not the bright, entirely natural and free-flowing tone of Elisabeth Schumann or Bethany Beardslee (to mention two other singers I have heard in the *Wedding Cantata,* BWV 202), but the quality is attractive enough, even throughout the scale, and matched with exemplary technical security, clarity of diction, and above all a sure sense of the rhythmic subtleties of Bach's phrases. Such a sense was unfortunately less apparent in the work of the accompanying ensemble, led by violinist Sidney Harth, either in the cantatas or in two concertos, where flaws of intonation joined those of mismatched articulation and square, heavy accents. But Miss Ameling is a decided ornament of the musical scene (she may be heard in recordings of the two cantatas, with more stylistic accompaniments, on RCA Victrola VIC 1281 and VIC 1275).

Another young performer from whom one had expected much is the cellist Joel Krosnick, whose recital on December 3 enjoyed rather better support, from pianist Samuel Sanders, but less favorable acoustical circumstances, for the stage of Town Hall is now hung with curtains that degrade its normally clear projection. Particularly in a tonally subtle and convincingly non-"impressionistic" reading of the Debussy Sonata and in a forceful presentation of Elliott Carter's 1948 Sonata, now a fixture of the repertory, Krosnick confirmed the optimistic impressions formed when he appeared regularly with local "new-music" ensembles. (His performance of the Carter Sonata, with pianist Paul Jacobs, is recorded on Nonesuch H 71234.)

Unquestionably the major event of the orchestral season to date has been the visit of the Chicago Symphony, under its musical director Georg Solti (December 7 and 8, at Carnegie Hall). Even with allowances made for Carnegie's superiority to Philharmonic Hall in tonal evenness and resonance, it was clear that New York has not heard such brilliant, accurate and intense playing since the same orchestra's visit last season. To be sure, Solti's basic interpretive strategy—"when in doubt, push forward"—is not fundamentally suited to the breadth of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, for the composer's extremely long basic structural units call for more breathing space between than Solti allows, but many pages of the score can rarely have "sounded" with such utter clarity from top to bottom of the orchestral fabric. Both here and in the Mahler Seventh, the clean, light, yet plangent brass playing was a considerable asset, and the Solti strategy accomplished almost as much as can be done with the weaknesses of the Mahler, surely (despite the pleasures of the inner movements) the weakest of the mature symphonies. (The Chicago Orchestra will return to Carnegie Hall on April 27 for a concert performance of Wagner's *Das Rheingold.*)

I am sorry to see that New York's "second" orchestra, the American Symphony, has this year shifted some of its series to Philharmonic Hall—presumably for commercial reasons, for the latter is now the "prestige" hall, if hardly the musical choice. In a concert at Carnegie on December 1, this group, under the direction of Gunther Schuller, offered the first local performance of the conductor's 1961 *Contrasts,* a work that stands up very well after a decade in which many of its sonorous effects have been used to rather less serious purpose. Schuller's inside knowledge of the orchestra has been one of the most fruitful aspects of his compositional activity, and has doubtless served to keep his feet on the ground when others have flown off in various directions, enthralled by the merely coloristic possibilities of new techniques. *Contrasts* keeps its textural brilliance firmly reined within a conception embracing more than that single dimension. Here and in works by Walton, Mozart, Strauss an Scriabin, the orchestra played with en thusiasm and considerable expertise soprano Janette Moody, substituting o short notice for the indisposed Rei Grist, ran into technical difficulties i a Mozart aria, but showed a fine ea and firm tone in the final scene fron Strauss's *Daphne.*

On the basis of his previous wor for the New York City Opera, it wa clear that Frank Corsaro's directio could be thanked for the masterfu pacing and the wealth of character-es tablishing detail in Janacek's *The Mak ropoulos Affair* (November 3). Wha distinguished this Corsaro productio from his controversial versions of th standard Italian repertory lay in th rather different nature of Janacek' musico-dramatic conception; by far th greater part of the work proceeds i subservience to the naturalistic conver sational give-and-take of the librett rather than to any melodic or forma imperatives. Thus Corsaro's straight line theatrical approach is never at wa with the musical pacing, as it frequently is when imposed on the more angular dramaturgy of Verdi.

Further dimensions of flashback and close-up were added, with considerable success, through the use of filmed projections, which owed a good deal to the techniques of the Czech director Josef Svoboda (whose operatic work has yet to be seen in New York; see *The Nation,* July 28, 1969). It was interesting to hear that the cost of this production was relatively modest, although it exuded an appropriate extravagance of theatrical gesture, far more convincing than many of the elaborate constructions offered by the Metropolitan Opera. The musical performance, under the direction of Gabor Oetvos, was in all respects exemplary, as well as notably efficient in projection of the English text; a special mention is due to Maralin Niska, who gave the performance of her career as Elena Makropoulos.

One must be grateful for the restoration of Wagner's *Parsifal* to the active repertory of the Metropolitan Opera, but the physical production designed by Robert O'Hearn manages at times to suggest a Radio City Music Hall Easter pageant, and Nathaniel Merrill seems to be directing traffic rather than dramatic action. The whole lacks the conceptual coherence and striking visual fantasy that marks the same team's approach to Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (scheduled to return to the Met in January), but a fair number of the work's obvious stumbling blocks were avoided, and it may be that some of the other flaws are only temporary: surely the

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ghastly Kodachrome-gone-wrong shade of green that illuminated the Good Friday scene can be remedied with a little experiment. Musically, the most significant lack was in the area of long-range articulation; despite reasonable tempos, Leopold Ludwig's bar-by-bar approach yielded a very long evening indeed. On the plus side, the orchestra played with considerable polish and good balance, and the chorus outdid itself by sounding almost competent, although the distribution of Wagner's antiphony through loudspeakers was no favor to tone quality. Among the soloists at the performance of November 30, only Cesare Siepi (Gurnemanz) could be described as distinguished; despite his accented German and increasingly hollow sound, the appropriate breadth of line was present, matched by the great authority of bearing. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Some years ago I suggested that Philip Barry, a much more serious playwright than Neil Simon, be advised to remain superficial. The same applies to the author of *The Gingerbread Lady* (Plymouth Theatre). Only Simon need not be encouraged to stay light. He always is, and has profited fabulously by being so. Popularity isn't everything, but still. . . .

The Gingerbread Lady is about Evy Meary, a nightclub singer who drinks heavily and hysterically. We meet her first on her return from a cure. Besides her alcoholism she is said to be a nymphomaniac, but there is little actual evidence of such disturbance: she has been divorced, having had a child by her husband. She acquired a heel of a lover, a writer of some sort, who abandoned her and to whom, from what one sees of him, she should have said "good riddance." But she is lonely—she has only two devoted friends—and naturally she would like, is indeed eager, to have a new mate. She is, no quibble on this score, rather foulmouthed, but today who isn't —on stage and film at any rate?

Evy is tenderhearted; she can't bear to hear about other people's woes. Her two friends cry their pain: one is a rarely employed actor who has just been bounced from a part in a show on the verge of its opening; the other is a pretty empty head whose husband threatens to divorce her. The recital of her friends' troubles drives Evy to an alcoholic relapse. In despair she calls upon her erstwhile lover, the stinker. The encounter is consummated by his punching her in the eye.

Her daughter adores her. She is clean, straight, sensible. Perhaps, it is intimated, the daughter will thenceforth keep Evy relatively sane and sober.

The play then is a portrait in which "psychology" has neither cause nor consequence. The woman who is more or less the model for Evy Meary (and whom I happen to know) is a lovely and profound person. But Neil Simon is incapable of profundity. He has a common-sense understanding of the ordinary citizen's behavior and a knowledge of how to turn received or conventional ideas about such folk into laugh-provoking gags. There is no doubt that he can be funny. It is to be noted, however, that though *The Gingerbread Lady* contains many comic and even clever lines, ten minutes after the final curtain I could remember only two or three of them—and the show contains enough to weary at least one playgoer.

What sustains the evening is the highly charged performance of Maureen Stapleton as Evy. She is one of the four or five outstanding actresses of the day. She is effortlessly humorous; it is virtually impossible for her to strike a false note. Her pathos, too, is unstrained. Hers is a vulnerable nature without displayed neurosis. For all her fragility, there is in her a special womanly strength and pride which eschews the maudlin. She has a vibrant power and a voice (velvet in the low tones) which resounds with it. She is open to all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune without seeming to beg for them.

The most complimentary thing I can say about *The Gingerbread Lady* is that it elevates Miss Stapleton to stardom. But what in the American theatre does this mean? It should be pointed out in the first place that Miss Stapleton has given even finer—better nuanced and directorially less "pushed"—performances in other plays, but those were not as acceptably box office as is the present one. The hazard of stardom on our stage is not only that one is stuck with it but that in most cases it has little artistic future.

Miss Stapleton has played Shakespeare and Chekhov as well as Tennessee Williams and S. N. Behrman, and has never been less than admirable in any of them. But now that she has achieved stardom with the stage in its present debilitated condition, how can she develop beyond her momentary station? I do not put the question as a personal challenge. Miss Stapleton has integrity and will always aim at excellence, in material as well as in performance. But our theatre offers very little support to the actor's growth.

In England, to go no further, Maggie Smith, essentially a comedienne, has appeared in *The Three Sisters, Hedda Gabler*, a play by Lope de Vega (adapted by Osborne), and in comedies by Pinero, George Farquhar and Peter Shaffer. Peggy Ashcroft has played not only Shakespeare but Chekhov, Ibsen, Sheridan, Enid Bagnold, Marguerite Duras. The reason for this range and variety of roles is not simply that the English now possess several state-subsidized permanent repertory theatres but that audiences in England will go to see good actors in old plays. Americans, avid for the "latest thing," will rarely do so.

One hears on all sides that the theatre is dead—it has been a long time a-dying—but no one looks further than his Broadway-pointed nose. If our theatre dies—which I don't believe it will, though there is evidence to support the foreboding—it will die a fossilized infant. □

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Let's make it a requirement for entrance to our colleges and universities that the applicant be 25 years of age, or older.

It's glamorous to have youngsters of 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, etc. in our universities, but when will these children have the opportunity to become men and women?

It's comfortable—even luxurious—to develop a mind before one has developed a heart, but Hitler has shown to what uses such cold blooded computer robots can be put.

What value to the general community is a person addicted to a life of leisure and luxury who is afraid he may have to engage in hard work and discomfort if he does not follow Hitlerian orders?

We are beginning to understand that life is more than physical comfort. Why not give young people the opportunity to learn to enjoy the beauties of cooperation, justice, charity, etc., by having them spend a few years in our real world, populated by real people?

D. KORETZ P.O. Box 733 Detroit, Mich. 48231

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Essays published elsewhere in this issue intimate, though they do not as yet indicate, that ours is a society at the end of its rope. It is becoming increasingly difficult to ignore such signs. They seem to occur almost daily, and if we are indeed going down, it is with a documentation unparalleled in the records of civilization's debacles. By comparison, the overwhelming of Rome was no more noticed than the fall of a sparrow.

My fragment of the record is *Gimme Shelter*, the filmed report of the Rolling Stones's 1969 American tour, which came to a dreadful climax at the free concert they gave in the Altamont Speedway, Alameda County, Calif. A free concert is a nice gesture—a present to America in exchange for the $1.5 million spent at the box offices of the other concerts—but it was not a nice occasion. It was an eighteen-hour foretaste of Hell, in which four people were killed (one on camera) and an unstated number of others were carried off to the hospital because of bodily injury or the effects of the drugs they had taken.

I mention only in passing that there was nothing free about the concert except the admission. The Maysles brothers had paid well for the right to make this film of the event, and everyone connected with it, from Melvin Belli, the West Coast lawyer/publicist, to the man who owns Altamont, was doing himself a good turn by contributing his services. It should be noted, however, that since the concert was "free," everyone was "volunteering" his aid or facilities and no one was "responsible"—for such things as crowd management or toilet facilities. What interests me more than the commercialism of hard-rock altruism, are the overtones of apocalypse that attended the occasion.

First, 300,000 people were impelled by the news that the Stones would become manifest in Alameda County to get in their cars and drive, some of them for days, to the meeting place. Second, the atmosphere they engendered was not that of an audience at an entertainment but of a hysterical congregation at a miraculous cure. Hours before the Stones emerged from their trailer, this assembly, incited by subsidiary rock groups, the hot sun, the press of bodies, the intoxication of cheap wine and I know not what drugs, was an orgiastic mass, ripping off its clothes, embracing, fighting and speaking in tongues. Third, the Hell's Angels, sergeants-at-arms for the day and night (they received $500 for their services—paid in beer) did not resemble even so much as a posse; immense in their gladiator uniforms (one leader wore the head of a puma on his shoulders), they seemed the soldier-priests of some pagan mystery. They produced nothing that even resembled order, but rather a sacrament administered with fists, boots, billiard cues and that knife which one could see flashing into the shoulder blades of the slim, gun-brandishing black in the tight green suit.

At last, the Stones appeared and the ceremony of blood and sex and ecstasy roared to a climax. One's eyes were on Mick Jagger, which is where they always are when the Stones perform, and he appeared here in a revealing double identity. At one moment, he was a sophisticated public entertainer, calling out shrewdly in his vulgar British accent for the crowd to "cool" it, for everybody to be "nice" so that he and his chums could play for them. It worked, after a fashion, and I supposed that the crowd-wise Jagger would discipline himself to the requirements of the night. But Jagger does not seem the master of his "act"; it overcomes him and he becomes an androgynous celebrant of license. Jagger is unique in my experience—he is not effeminate but rather an obvious male who employs entirely female gestures and mannerisms. He hits the crowd with his pelvis, flings his scarf around his shoulders, jabs nervously at his flowing hair, mouths like a woman in heat, jerks with an aggressive, staccato beat that is as explicit as an anatomy chart. The ambiguity of his sex, the spectacle of raper and victim in one body, threw the witnesses into convulsions of excitement (and entitled them to the ministrations of the Angels).

After the "concert," after the Stones had been levitated in their helicopter, the crowd could be seen stumbling down the steep banks of the Speedway, falling over one another, feeling their way, with their blankets and their babies strapped to their backs, down the miles of featureless highway to their parked cars. They looked replete, peaceful, when one could see their faces; they had come to worship and, most of them, this time, had survived.

The picture is well made in the fragmented, montage, flashback, flash-forward style of contemporary pseudo-spontaneity. It employs light psychedelically, and sound to the threshold of pain. Even so, seeing Altamont on the screen cannot be more than a whisper of the real experience; but I would suppose that no one could sit through it without wondering how soon he too would be caught by the powerful tide of chaos. □

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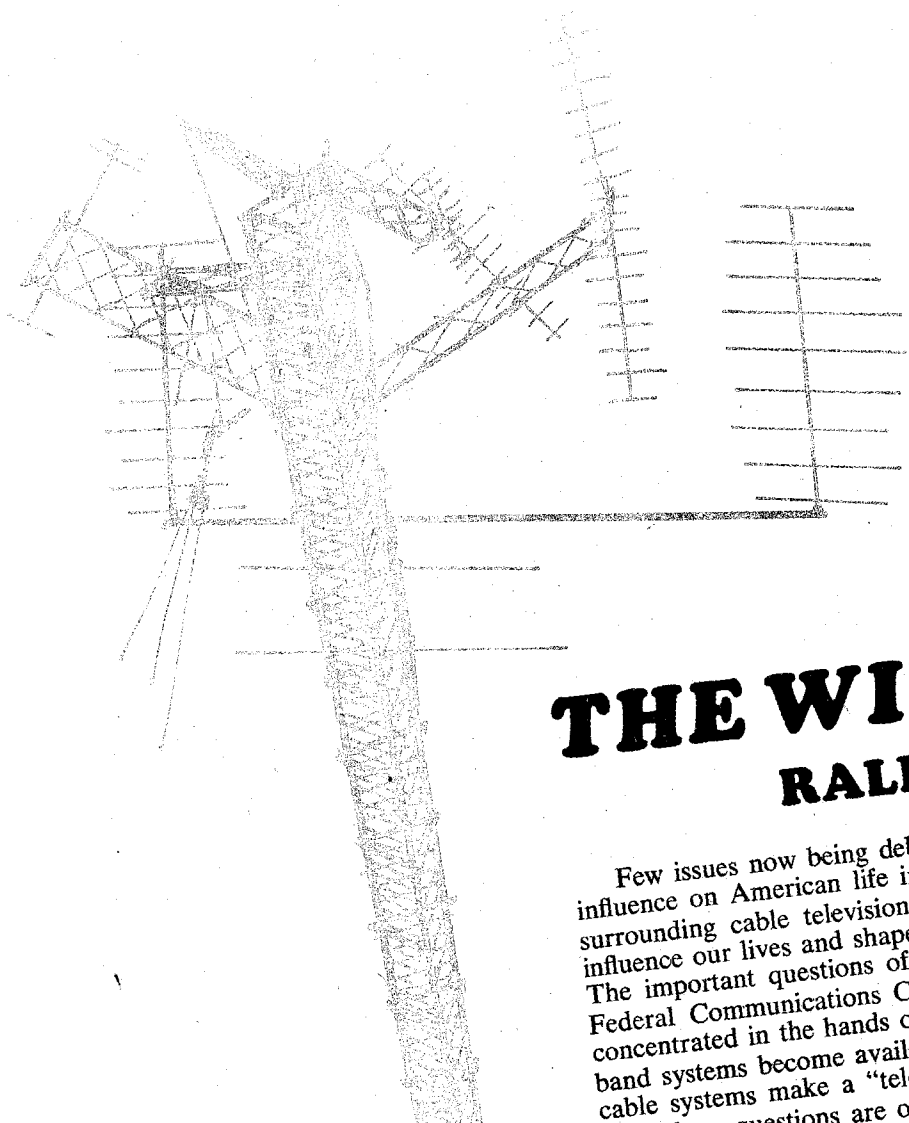

THE WIRED NATION

RALPH LEE SMITH

Few issues now being debated by the federal governme/e more potential influence on American life in the remaining third of this cy than the issues surrounding cable television, or "The Wired Nation." Cnications systems influence our lives and shape our institutions in ways unlike other technology. The important questions of the Wired Nation are now bconsidered by the Federal Communications Commission. Will control over television become concentrated in the hands of a few media barons? Will tw/, switched, broadband systems become available to all homes? Will "commrrier" channels on cable systems make a "television station" available to all want to use one? That these questions are of more long-range consequence conventional FCC decisions is obvious to anyone familiar with the subject. the issues are more complex, the alternatives more vague, and the pressures intense should also be apparent. Public awareness and discussion—such as e produced by Mr. Smith's excellent article—is a prerequisite to intelligovernment decision making looking to a national communications system f future.

—NICHOLAS JON, Commissioner,
The Federal Cations Commission

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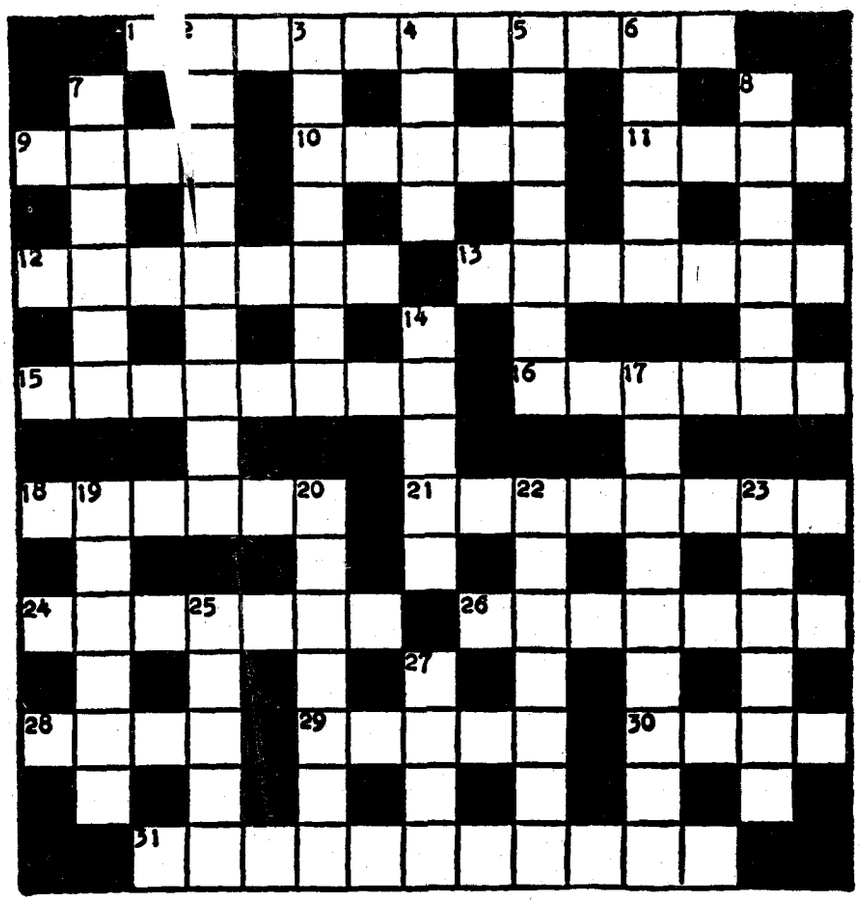

ACROSS

1 Prison camp parasites accumulating steady deposits? (11)
9 Faithfully portraying the pet name of an augmented fourth downwards. (4)
10 What might be drawn to show the ship's physician is back? (5)
11 Make the present in the past. (4)
12 See 18 across.
13, 2 down and 21 across Making a placement (possibly getting into a hole) by getting either 4 or 22. (7,3,3,3,8)
15 Made a joint with some dirt, possibly. (8)
16 Angle inhabitant as a self-satisfied fruit-picker. (6)
18 and 12 across Sound equipment no doubt, but one might be accused of tampering with the books. (6,7)
21 See 13 across.
24 Making someone go down, as the hen might be. (7)
26 Floral faux-pas. (7)
28 See 27 down.
29 Bachelor girl, rather commonly? (Ruled Rome, however.) (5)
30 Possibly too astute to make a real 26, even in the garden. (4)
31 Might help 1 across grow up at its castle ruins. (11)

DOWN

2 See 13 across.
3 We hear rumors to be the same, but they could stick! (7)
4 Animal attack? (4)
5 Lie this way? Impossible! (2,5)
6 Dined, we hear, at playtime for dinner. (5)
7 It's O.K. in England for the gear to get sort of hot. (6)
8 How to prove the night before is about the last thing one might expect after company. (6)
14 Perhaps staid entrances, at least of mine! (5)
17 Such a feature always turns up with resort use, possibly. (9)
19 Watch your hat, as they used to say! (It closes down at night.) (6)
20 Part of Ireland, over at the head of 29. (7)
22 One associated with current experiments carries the end of 20 to a possibly vain conclusion. (7)
23 The capacity to do work. (6)
25 Firmly secured with pitch inside. (5)
27 and 28 across Obstructing the coalition head of a country, perhaps. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1374

ACROSS: 1 Bear with me; 6 Plug; 10 Soaks up; 11 Tremble; 12 What in the world; 14 Staggers; 15 Amidst; 16 Eggnog; 18 Keynoter; 22 Shopping basket; 24 Genesis; 25 Orinoco; 26 Dear; 27 Personates. DOWN: 1 Best wishes; 2 Alabama; 3 Washington Post; 4 Tapster; 5 Mother; 7 Libeled; 8 Goes; 9 Recommendation; 13 Iterates; 17 Gehenna; 19 Engross; 20 Takeout; 21 Tissue; 23 Aged.

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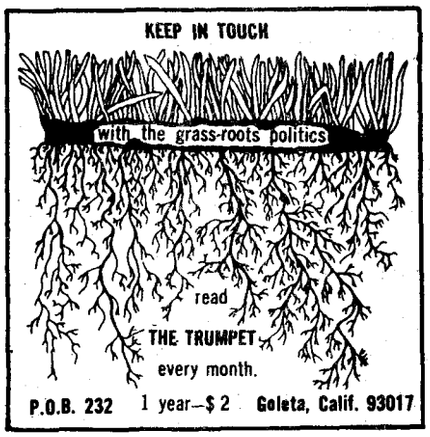

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